The Outlook

Vol. 66 September 15, 1900 No. 3

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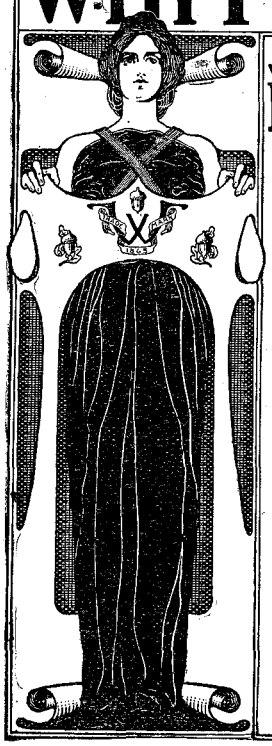

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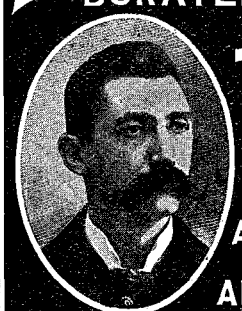

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The State Elections

The elections in Vermont in Presidential years have so long served as a thermometer for the political temperature of the Nation that the results in that State last week were watched with almost as much interest in other States as in Vermont itself. Speakers for both parties from outside the State had entered into the campaign in order to bring out the largest possible vote, and on election day large sums were spent in bringing the infirm and the indifferent to the polls. No one seemed to have the slightest fear that gains for his party could foster overconfidence and thus deepen the much-bemoaned "apathy." The result of all this work was an astonishing vote. In 1898 fifty-four thousand voters came to the polls; last week the number was increased to sixty-six thousand—a gain of over twenty per cent. The results as compared with previous State elections in Presidential years were as follows:

	Republican.	Democratic.	Republican plurality.
1900	48,466	16,988	31,468
1896	53,426	14,855	38,571
1892	38,918	19,216	19,702
1888	48,522	19,527	28,995
1884	42,522	19,820	22,702
1880	47,848	21,245	26,603
1876	44,723	20,968	23,755
1872	41,946	16,613	25,333

As compared with 1896, therefore, there was a Republican loss of nine per cent. and a Democratic gain of fourteen per cent., but as compared with 1892 there was a Republican gain of nearly twenty-five per cent. and a Democratic loss of over ten per cent. Both parties are professing undue elation over the results—the Democrats figuring on similar gains over 1896 throughout the United States, and the Republicans counting on the extraordinary plurality as compared with any year except 1896. In Maine the Republicans this year feared serious losses, because of the well-known opposition of Mr. Reed, Senator Hale, and one or two other party leaders to the colonial policy of the Administration. A vigorous effort was made to get out a full vote. The vote polled was one-third larger than in 1898, but from one-tenth to one-quarter smaller than in the three preceding Presidential years. The Republican plurality was about 32,000, as compared with 24,000 in '98, 48,000 in '96, 38,000 in '94, and 12,000 in '92. In Arkansas the Democratic plurality was less than in 1896.

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President McKinley's Letter of Acceptance

The letter in which President McKinley formally accepts the nomination of the Republican party was given to the public on Monday of this week. It is an extremely long document, and includes an elaborate, careful, and detailed account of the principal events connected with the history of the last four years' administration. As has been said, it might, with few modifications, serve very well as a President's Message, if one were to be issued at this time. Not far from four-fifths of the entire letter is occupied with a discussion of the events growing out of the war with Spain and our relations with Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. In this discussion President McKinley reviews, step by step, the action of the United States Government in framing the treaty with Spain, in claiming sovereignty over Porto Rico and the Philippines, in establishing a form of Government for Porto Rico, and in carrying on war to establish its authority in the Philippines. As to Cuba, the President says:

We have restored order and established domestic tranquillity. We have fed the starving, clothed the naked, and ministered to the sick. We have improved the sanitary condition of the island. We have stimulated in-

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dustry, introduced public education, and taken a full and comprehensive enumeration of the inhabitants. The qualification of electors has been settled, and under it officers have been chosen for all the municipalities of Cuba. These local governments are now in operation, administered by the people. Our military establishment has been reduced from 43,000 soldiers to less than 6,000. An election has been ordered to be held on the 15th of September, under a fair election law already tried in the municipal elections, to choose members of a constitutional convention, and the convention, by the same order, is to assemble on the first Monday in November to frame a constitution upon which an independent government for the island will rest. All this is a long step in the fulfillment of our sacred guarantees to the people of Cuba.

The Government established in Porto Rico is described as one in which the inhabitants elect their own legislature, provide their own system of taxation, and in these respects have "the same power and privileges enjoyed by other Territories belonging to the United States, and a much larger measure of self-government than was given to the inhabitants of Louisiana under Jefferson." The history of the fight for American supremacy in the Philippines is told very largely by extracts from the instructions to the two Commissions, the proclamations issued by the Government, and the reports of the Commissions and of General Otis. The President sums up the problem, as he views it, in the following paragraphs:

There has been no time since the destruction of the enemy's fleet when we could or should have left the Philippine Archipelago. After the treaty of peace was ratified, no power but Congress could surrender our sovereignty or alienate a foot of the territory thus acquired. The Congress has not seen fit to do the one or the other, and the President had no authority to do either if he had been so inclined, which he was not. So long as the sovereignty remains in us, it is the duty of the Executive, whoever he may be, to uphold that sovereignty, and if it be attacked to suppress its assailants. Would our political adversaries do less?

The American people are asked by our opponents to yield the sovereignty of the United States in the Philippines to a small fraction of the population, a single tribe out of eighty or more inhabiting the archipelago, a faction which wantonly attacked the American troops in Manila while in rightful possession under the protocol with Spain, awaiting the ratification of the treaty of peace by the Senate, and which has since been in active, open rebellion against the United States. We are asked to transfer our sovereignty to a small minority in the islands without consulting the majority, and to abandon the largest portion of the population, which had been loyal to us, to the cruelties of the guerrilla insurgent bands. More than this, we are asked to protect this minority in establishing a government, and to this end repress all opposition of the majority. We are required to set up a stable government in the interest of those who have assailed our sovereignty and fired upon our soldiers, and then maintain it at any cost or sacrifice against its enemies within and against those having ambitious designs from without.

The President meets Mr. Bryan's challenge with a very able and lucid survey of events in the Philippines since the battle of Manila, and makes it clear that this Government has simply accepted the responsibility for law and order in the islands forced upon it by events, and has consistently kept to its duty and work; that it has sought only to give the islands peace and security; that it has largely succeeded in restoring order, and for the first time has given the natives the rights and privileges of freemen; that its title to the islands has been ratified by treaty, by the action of both parties at home and by unanimous sentiment abroad; that sovereignty over the islands is the only form of authority which makes the work of reorganization there possible; that there has never been a time when we could honorably withdraw from our responsibilities; that the hope awakened in the minds of one tribe out of more than eighty by the attitude of those who oppose the Administration's policy alone keeps up the fitful opposition to our authority. The President's presentation of the facts is so clear and convincing that he hardly needs to discuss so-called imperialism; but he puts the whole question in a phrase when he says that "if we withdrew we should leave the islands to anarchy or imperialism." The letter is more than a vindication of a policy which has been grossly misrepresented; it is a convincing exposition of American principles in all foreign affairs.

❀

Other Issues The silver question is that first treated in the letter of acceptance, although, as we have said, in amount of space the question of expansion or imperialism overshadows everything else. President McKinley naturally and properly calls attention to the fact that the platforms of the Democrats, the Populists, and the Silver Republicans all reaffirm the demand for free coinage of silver, and that,

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therefore, this question is distinctly reopened in the coming campaign; or, as he phrases it, his antagonists "compel us to a second battle upon the same lines upon which the first was fought and won." Without discussing the principles of bimetallism as opposed to a single standard, the President points to the prosperity of the past four years and asks if the American people will, "through indifference or fancied security, hazard the overthrow of the wise financial legislation of the past year and revive the danger of the silver standard, with all of the inevitable evils of shattered confidence and general disaster which justly alarmed and aroused them in 1896?" The principle of protection combined with reciprocity is reaffirmed; the satisfactory condition of the Treasury is pointed out; and it is asserted that the volume of our currency per capita is greater than it ever has been—namely, on September 1, 1900, $26.85, as compared with $21.10 in 1896. The industrial and agricultural conditions are recapitulated, and particular stress is laid upon the fact that in the three years 1898, 1899, and 1900, up to date, we have sold abroad goods to the amount of $1,689,779,190 more than we have bought from abroad in the same time, while $436,000,000 in gold have been added to the gold stock of the United States since July 1, 1896. The decrease in expense during the past year over the previous year (which was, of course, on account of the war a year of extreme expense) is pointed out, and the President recommends that, unless something unforeseen occurs, Congress at its next session should reduce taxation very materially. Other points touched upon are the desirability of in some way increasing our ship-carrying trade; that of at once completing a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific; and that of enacting prohibitory or penal legislation against "such combinations of capital as control the market in commodities necessary to the general use of the people by suppressing natural and easy competition." Combinations of this kind are declared by the President to be obnoxious to the common law and public welfare, and dangerous conspiracies, and publicity is suggested as one of the remedies, and uniformity of legislation by the States is also suggested.

Labor Day Speeches The political campaign shows at last some signs of animation of a very quiet kind. The Labor Day celebration in Chicago gained a good deal of popular interest by reason of the presence of Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt as guests of the trades-unions, and the two candidates on the National tickets addressed great audiences from the same platform at different hours in the afternoon. It had been announced that politics were to be excluded from the discussion, and Governor Roosevelt, who made the first speech, confined himself entirely to a review of labor legislation and a discussion of labor problems. He emphasized the advance made through legislation at three points in New York: the collection of statistics of labor, the creation of a board of mediation and arbitration, and the careful inspection of factories. He declared that the two lessons to be learned are those of self-help and of helpfulness to others. The address was non-partisan, sane, and rational throughout. Mr. Bryan took a wider scope and gained a certain timely interest by a practical disregard of the neutrality of the occasion and a frank use of it for campaign purposes. He advocated the establishment of a labor bureau with a Cabinet officer at its head; he touched the question of trusts and of the gold standard briefly but unmistakably, and made what he called militarism the emphatic point in his address. This was, of course, a restatement of his arguments against so-called "imperialism," and was given up chiefly to the question of the cost of maintaining an army and to a quotation from Mr. Lincoln's first message to Congress, which contained a warning against monarchy. Mr. Bryan made a use of this quotation which is perhaps permissible in a political campaign, but his quotation loses its force for his purposes when the passage from which it was taken is read in its entirety. Mr. Lincoln was pointing out the curtailment of popular rights in the Southern Confederacy, and the abridgment of existing rights. The appeal to Mr. Lincoln by the opponents of the policy of expansion must be made with great discretion if it is not to become a boomerang. Since Labor Day the campaign has become more active, and last week there were vigorous speeches by

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Mr. Roosevelt in Michigan, by Mr. Bryan in West Virginia, and by Senators Foraker, Depew, and Hanna in Ohio.

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Do Presidential Elections Depress Trade?

The slight sag in business activity and the slight increase in the number of commercial failures have revived the old assertion that "Presidential elections injure trade." The Springfield "Republican," while not denying that the political discussion may have some influence upon the present situation, points out that in Europe the depression is more marked than here. In England, it says, quoting from the "Financial Chronicle," "the dividends declared by the railways have been very disappointing," and "trade has undoubtedly received some check from the rise in the value of money, and still more from the high prices of coal and other raw materials." "In Berlin also," according to the same authority, "trade has received a considerable check," and "speculation is almost at a standstill;" while in France the woolen centers are reporting the "dullest kind of dull business." Apparently, therefore, the present lull in trade here and there, like the great revival of the past three years, is an international phenomenon and is not to be attributed to the pending campaign in this country. When we come to inquire into the effect of other Presidential campaigns upon the business situation, we find quite as little to support the complaint regarding their depressing influence. The statistics of business failures are perhaps the most accurate register of commercial activity or depression, and these indicate that Presidential election years have been, on the whole, as prosperous as any other. R. G. Dun & Co.'s statistics go back to 1857—a year of panic which succeeded a Presidential election in which the party in power remained in power. In that year there were 4,932 failures, with liabilities aggregating $292,000,000. In 1860, when the next Presidential election was held, the number of failures was but 3,676, and the liabilities aggregated but $80,000,000. In 1861, owing to the outbreak of the war, the number of failures nearly doubled; but in 1864, when the next Presidential election occurred, there were but 530 failures in all the loyal States, and the aggregate of liabilities was but $8,000,000. The rise in prices due to the depreciation of greenbacks made it difficult for anybody to fail in that year. In 1868 and 1872 the number of failures was merely normal; and though it was exceptionally large in 1876, it was more exceptionally small in 1880. 1884 was again a year of depression, but 1888 was in every way normal, and 1892 was a year of marked prosperity. Apparently the complaint against Presidential years has little historical basis except the recollection of the depression of 1896.

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Seventh and Eighth Party Tickets

Two more "third party" tickets were put in nomination last week by small bodies of men who are unable to support the nominees of the Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, Middle-of-the-Road Populists, United Christians, or Socialists of either faction. The National party, whose conventions at Indianapolis failed to effect a fusion with either the Gold Democrats or the Anti-Imperialists, held a third convention in this city on September 5, and nominated Senator Donaldson Caffery, of Louisiana, for President, and Mr. A. M. Howe, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for Vice-President. The Convention was attended by less than a hundred volunteer delegates, about half of whom were from this city. The platform adopted demanded the maintenance of the gold standard and the extension of civil service reform, and condemned the colonial policy of the Administration, and also "the granting of corrupting special privileges, whether under the guise of subsidies, bounties, undeserved pensions, or trust-breeding tariffs." The candidate nominated for President won his appointment as United States Senator by his service as a leader of the finally successful anti-lottery wing of the Louisiana Democracy. In the Senate he was an uncompromising supporter of President Cleveland. Mr. Howe seems also to have supported President Cleveland, though he has always been classed as an independent. On the same day that these gentlemen were nominated in New York Mr. R. S. Thompson, of Springfield, Ohio, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Union Reform party, announced

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that the referendum vote of its supporters had resulted in the nomination of the Hon. Seth H. Ellis, of Ohio, for President, and S. T. Nicholson, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-President. Thirty States and Territories participated in the balloting, and Mr. Ellis received 1,612 votes out of 1,894 cast. The vote at this post-office primary is not believed by the leaders to measure the strength of their party, for last year in Ohio it gave Mr. Ellis nearly seven thousand votes for Governor, although Mayor Jones was aggressively championing its cardinal principle of direct legislation, and received the votes of many of its adherents.

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Mr. Gage's Statements The most interesting contribution to the political discussion made so far, aside from the speeches of acceptance by the candidates for the Presidency, has been the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, reported in these columns two weeks ago, that Mr. Bryan, if he were elected, could practically put the country on a silver basis. To this interpretation of the law as it now stands Mr. Carl Schurz made a reply in the form of a public letter, which did not controvert Mr. Gage's statement, but declared that the mischief could be prevented by further action on the part of the Republican majority in the present Congress. He proposes, in other words, to elect Mr. Bryan, and then, before he has taken his seat, by invoking the help of the defeated party, to take from him the power of doing the one thing which he has declared again and again he regards as the first duty of the country. This advocacy is not of a kind to gain voters for Mr. Bryan. It is a curious illustration of that lack of the sense of reality and of humor which has more than once neutralized Mr. Schurz's marked ability and undoubted public spirit. Mr. Gage has not, however, allowed this extraordinary proposition, that the Republicans should tie the hands of the Democrats in order that Mr. Bryan may be elected without disturbing the currency, to pass without answer. He has supplemented his statement by a letter in which he quotes again Mr. Bryan's words spoken on September 16, 1896, at Knoxville, Tenn., "If there is any one who believes that the gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him that it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it," and deals summarily with Mr. Schurz's remedy in these words:

> The proposition that, in case of Bryan's election, the present Congress can tie his hands so that he cannot give effect to his expressed intention, appears to me to be fallacious. It would require new legislation by a party whose policy would have been rejected by the people through their last expression at the polls. Further than this, the next session will expire by operation of law on the 4th of March, 1901. The free-silver minority would be justified by their constituents in using all the resources of dilatory procedure to prevent such legislation, and against such tactics affirmative legislation such as you suggest would be probably impossible. Can any one doubt that Mr. Bryan would urge action by his friends in Congress to prevent the further strengthening of the policy which he denounces as criminal? Your remarks upon this point seem to indicate that you rely upon the exercise of the power already conferred upon the Republican party to prevent the country from experiencing disasters which Mr. Bryan will, if he can, bring upon us. May I not suggest that the way to secure safety is not to take power from those upon whom you rely for protection and confer it upon those whose action you may have good occasion to dread?

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The New York Convention The Republican State Convention in New York was an apathetic gathering because its work had all been predetermined by the party leaders and there was no chance of a successful protest. Ex-Congressman Benjamin B. Odell was named as Governor Roosevelt's successor, and the Governor warmly eulogized him as one of his own most trusted advisers during the last two years. Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff was renominated, as were also the other State officers elected in 1898. The platform adopted declared the prosperity of the country to be the paramount issue, criticised the Democracy for demanding that the government of the Philippines should rest on the consent of the governed while at the same time disfranchising negroes in the South, called attention to the lowering of the State tax rate by means of the twelve millions a year collected through the Raines liquor tax law, and reviewed the labor and franchise legislation secured under Governor Roosevelt's administration. As to the franchise

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tax law, the platform said that "its results cannot yet be stated," but that the party would continue to favor "the taxation of corporations enjoying the use of public property." On the question of canal improvement the platform recognized the opposition of the farmers to the programme favored by Governor Roosevelt, and promised that no costly changes would be made without first submitting them to the approval of the voters. On the Ramapo issue the plank adopted read as follows:

> We believe that, in the interest of the health and comfort of citizens, the people of the municipalities should own and operate their water supplies, and the Republican party will favor legislation to enable every municipality, the just rights of all being conserved, to enter upon and take under the condemnation laws the watersheds necessary to secure for their inhabitants an adequate water supply.

If the carrying of this plank into effect were intrusted to the unflinching opponents of the Ramapo steal, its wording would perhaps be satisfactory, but unless Mr. Odell defines his position more clearly than he has yet done, the voters of the State will attach but little weight to so spiritless a declaration. Mr. Odell is a man of force and business capacity, but is at the same time an ardent and expert practitioner of machine politics, and has long been Mr. Platt's right-hand man. He has never shown any aptitude for public affairs, which, it is hardly necessary to say, are in no sense identical with machine politics. Republicans who care for honest and competent administration and for the strength of their own party, and Independents who support the National Administration, may, however, take comfort in the fact that the platform definitely commits the party in New York on two vital points: thorough discussion and exact and detailed information with regard to the cost of all improvements proposed to be made in the canals, and the maintenance of the principle of franchise taxation, which has behind it the convictions of the people of the State, and which no party boss, either Democratic or Republican, can permanently annul. As to the Ramapo issue, the chances are that the Democratic Convention will reject the one candidate who could make this issue paramount. The two machines are in control in this State, and, so far as aims and methods are concerned, there is nothing to choose between them. Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker belong to what will one day be regarded as the barbarous age in American politics: the age of the political machine, organized, not to deal with public affairs, but to trade in franchises, privileges, and offices. There is, however, much more to be hoped for in this State from the rank and file of the Republican party than from the rank and file of the Democratic party.

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The Galveston Disaster As we write, details are lacking as to the full effect of the terrible destruction wrought in Galveston, Houston, and other Texas towns by the hurricane of last Saturday. It seems, however, to be quite certain that the loss of life in Galveston has been unprecedented in the history of Texas. One estimate made by a citizen of Galveston, who barely escaped, is that four thousand houses, most of them residences, have been destroyed, and that not less than a thousand persons have been killed or injured; other estimates place the number of those injured in Galveston alone at from two to five thousand, while hundreds and perhaps thousands in other Texas towns are dead, and the money loss will reach many millions. All such estimates, however, are little more than guesswork; and at present it seems possible only to say that the injury done both to life and property is enormous and widespread. National aid is asked for, and doubtless committees to receive contributions will be formed at once to aid the destitute and homeless. The city of Galveston, standing as it does upon an island, is greatly exposed to a storm coming from the Gulf, and its streets lie upon such a low level that they are very easily flooded by an overflow from the harbor. The storm which wrought all this ruin was one which originated, as do many storms of this character, in the neighborhood of the Lesser Antilles; thence it rushed westward, and by the Weather Bureau authorities was expected to turn northward and then again eastward. This is the usual course of such hurricanes, and as a rule their greatest force is dispersed in the ocean. In this case, however, the storm met with a low-pressure resistance and continued its westward course with unabated fury.

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The Threatened Anthracite Coal Strike

The anthracite coal strike which the National Board of the United Mine Workers was expected to order on Saturday last is still threatening, and may involve 140,000 miners—nearly all in Pennsylvania. The statement of the miners' grievances has been unusually well made by their officials and unusually well reported in the press despatches. In the days when the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania were generally in the hands of small operators, wages were relatively high and labor organizations relatively strong; when the bulk of the mines passed into the hands of the great coal corporations, wages were lowered and the power of the unions seriously crippled. Probably one of the reasons why the United Mine Workers have been so anxious to secure arbitration of the present differences is because they are conscious of the weakness and instability of the local unions now gaining recruits through out the anthracite districts. The men demand a twenty per cent. increase in wages, a reduction in the price of powder, and the doing away with several abuses connected with the company stores and the manner in which the weight of their coal and the amount of slack is measured. The demand respecting the price of powder calls attention to the most glaring imposition which they now suffer. For several years past manufacturers have been willing to furnish powder for but little more than $1 a keg, but the companies have continued to demand the $2.75 which had come to be the ruling price long years ago. The company store system is reported to be less general than a few years ago, but the effort to suppress it by law failed; and wherever it exists the miners who demand their pay in money and make their purchases at other stores are believed thereby to invite their own dismissal. The grievances connected with the weighing of the coal would not be serious if the same system were everywhere in force; but the fact that the men have no representative at the weighing, while the master's representative can treat every miner as he pleases, leads to constant irritation and often to downright tyranny. If a uniform system could be introduced, the men could make a collective bargain and each be surer of fair treatment. The statement made by the men has produced an unusually favorable impression upon the disinterested public; and the willingness of the men to arbitrate all the questions involved seems to throw upon the companies the responsibility for the strike, if one occurs.

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The Powers and China

The single topic of diplomatic discussion between the Powers continues to be Russia's proposition to withdraw from Peking. The reply of the United States was fully stated in The Outlook last week; it distinctly expressed a preference for the continued joint occupation of Peking, but added that the Powers should act together and that if one Power withdrew its forces a general withdrawal was expedient. The position of the other Powers is now fully or partly known. France would willingly accept the proposal of its ally, Russia, but would also accept a compromise that the main bodies of troops should be withdrawn to Tientsin and an international guard be left in possession of Peking. Germany is distinctly opposed to withdrawal, and is moving her troops to Peking as fast as they arrive, while her generals in China are reported to be attempting to secure co-operation from the allies for an active campaign in the Province of Chili, to include the seizure of Paotingfu, where atrocious massacres of missionaries and Chinese converts have occurred. Japan urges only that the Powers act in harmony, but announces that if a division should take place she will expect to be left to act for her own interests in the Amoy region. Italy and Austria stand with Germany. England has not definitely announced a policy as to withdrawal from Peking, but will probably use her influence against such a measure at present. Nothing could possibly better illustrate the difficulties of joint international action than the complications and doubts which have followed Russia's proposal. The more perplexing and more important question as to who or what shall be recognized as the Chinese Government is as yet untouched. A copy of an edict signed by the Emperor has been received at Washington through the Chinese Minister, Mr. Wu; this gives Li-Hung-Chang full and extraordinary

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powers for settling the difficulties between China and the Powers. It names no fellow-commissioners to act with Earl Li, although a report has been current that an edict had been issued at Taiyuen, the capital of Shansi, where the Emperor and Empress Dowager are now alleged to be, appointing as Chinese peace commissioners Li-Hung-Chang, Prince Ching (who is probably now in Peking), Yung-Lu (who, it is rumored later, has committed suicide), and Hsu-Tung (an intensely anti-foreign official). It seems impossible for the Powers to deal intelligently with the situation until they can be put in direct communication with the *de facto* Government of China. The question of indemnities is, or should be, quite subordinate to that of placing a firm and just government in power, from which security for the future can be obtained. To some students of Chinese affairs the most satisfactory course would seem to be the establishing of the present Emperor on the throne, the banishing of the Empress Dowager and all the members of the Tsungli-Yamen guilty of complicity in the recent encouragement and aid to the Boxers, and the forming of a Chinese advisory council which could be trusted to act wisely and justly. Under such a government, it is said, the future of China's history might come to resemble closely the recent past history of Japan. But it is not even known yet whether the Empress Dowager is willing to accept the capture of Peking as a decisive military defeat; large forces of Chinese troops are reported to be moving northward from the provinces of Hunan and Hupei, and there is before the allies at least the possibility of further fighting. On the other hand, despatches from Minister Conger and General Chaffee say that no more American soldiers will be needed, and General Chaffee has received instructions to be ready to withdraw at short notice, while Mr. Conger will probably go to Shanghai. General Chaffee has cabled as follows:

> Evidence accumulates that diplomatic relations will not be resumed here for a long time. Russian legation leave very soon for Tientsin. Appears to me certain Chinese Government will not return here while foreign army remains, and if this is true our legation can transact no business. My opinion Peking to be merely camp foreign army pending settlement by Powers on other points.

The War in South Africa With the capture of Lydenburg by General Buller's division, and the subsequent apparent scattering of General Botha's Boer forces north and east, another and apparently almost a concluding chapter of the war in the Transvaal is to be recorded. Since the battle before Machadodorp, the resistance made by the Boers, although strenuous, has been in the nature of a rear action; and from a military point of view there seems little probability of any battles of consequence taking place in the future. The Boers have for almost the first time abandoned large guns, and if they are to continue the struggle must, it seems, make it a semi-guerrilla warfare. Nevertheless, it is true that General De Wet is maintaining his extraordinary activity to the east and south of Pretoria, and as late as last Saturday he was reported to be not far from Johannesburg itself, with a force of fifteen hundred or two thousand men. Lord Roberts's next objective point to the north would appear to be Koomatipoort. It is probable, however, that he will leave the further pushing of the campaign against General Botha to General Buller; and reports are repeated that Lord Roberts himself will soon return to England, where it is quite possible that he may be placed at the head of England's entire military organization. The manifesto annexing the Transvaal and declaring it to be British territory was dated on September 1; it was, of course, expected, and has been received in Africa with little excitement. It is possible that the assertion of complete sovereignty by Great Britain may make a difference in the attitude of the Portuguese authorities with reference to the further selling of supplies to the Boers, and also with reference to the possibility of President Kruger and President Steyn securing a refuge in Portuguese territory. Up to the issuing of the manifesto, the Portuguese officials properly regarded the Transvaal and Great Britain as entitled equally to the rights of combatants and to require the preservation by Portugal of entire neutrality. Now they may, if they choose, consider the Boers as rebels and not entitled to the ordinary rights of recognized military combatants. The relief by the British of Ladybrand was reported early last week. It had been surrounded by a considerable

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body of the Boers, but General Hunter arrived in time to raise the siege; the Boers who attacked Ladybrand are estimated at two thousand men, while the garrison consisted of only a hundred and fifty British troops. The effect of the apparent end of the war in South Africa upon the approaching election is now being discussed vigorously in English papers; it is thought probable that the elections will take place in November, and that one main issue made by the Liberal-Unionists will be the necessity of a thorough reorganization of the British army.

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A New "Farthest North" It will be remembered by readers of Nansen's thrilling record of his Polar expedition that the point nearest to the North Pole reached by him and his single companion in their over-ice journey after leaving the ice-bound Fram was latitude 86° 14′. Now an Italian expedition has slightly overpassed this mark on the way to the Pole. There is only a difference of about twenty miles between the two records, as the point reached by the Abruzzi explorers was 86° 33′; but, for the present at least, Italy holds the honor of having penetrated farthest into the great rough ice-pack which occupies the space years ago allotted by geographers to a mythical "open Polar sea." The head of this expedition, which left Christiania in June, 1899, was the Duke of Abruzzi, son of the Duke of Aosta and nephew of the late King Humbert. His ship was called the Stella Polaris; she seems not to have been as stout as the Fram, which was built on Nansen's own plans and theories and amply justified them, for one side of the Stella was crushed by the ice, and she was saved with difficulty from sinking. The vessel was driven upon the land, and thence a party under Captain Cagni undertook a sledge journey north, reached the point named above, and returned to the ship after one hundred and four days' absence. Three deaths are reported, and some suffering from scarcity of food, but, on the whole, the crew seems to have stood the privations of the far north cheerfully. The Duke of Abruzzi's plan did not include Nansen's idea of drifting in his ship with a supposed regular current northward; the Italians hoped rather to conquer the difficulties of ice-travel by the superiority of their equipment with newly devised and very light sledges. In point of fact, the Stella Polaris drifted as far north as 82°, so that the Italian ice journey was about one hundred and thirty-five miles longer than Nansen's. The Duke himself was severely frostbitten, and was unable to accompany the sledge expedition. In view of this Italian achievement Americans will await with keen interest the reports from Lieutenant Peary's expedition, which may soon be here.

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Missionary Martyrs There is little if any ground for doubt that a heavy blow has fallen upon the missions of the American Board in northern China. The fact that the report comes through the State Department from so careful an informant as our Consul-General at Shanghai, Mr. Goodnow, a post in whose office is occupied by Dr. Hykes, the Superintendent of the American Bible Society in China, gives it an authority which some highly colored and untrustworthy accounts of atrocities have lacked. The statement is that four missionaries and their three children, while traveling to the coast under a Chinese escort from their station at Fenchofu, two weeks' journey southwest from Peking, were murdered, about the last of July; also that six missionaries stationed at Taiku, in the same province of Shansi, were slain there about the same time. To this sad list must be added three other victims at Paotingfu, eighty miles southwest from Peking, hope for whose escape has now been given up. At Paotingfu the Presbyterian Board now accounts five missionaries and three children as having also perished. The names thus added to the roll of Christian martyrs are the following: From Fenchofu, the Rev. E. R. Atwater (sent out in 1892), Mrs. Atwater (1898), and two children; the Rev. C. W. Price and Mrs. Price (1899), with one child; in their company were Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren, Danes, and Miss Eldredge, British, who perished likewise. From Taiku, the Rev. D. H. Clapp and Mrs. Clapp (1884), the Rev. F. W. Davis (1889), the Rev. G. L. Williams (1891), Miss Rowena Bird and Miss Mary L. Partridge (1893). From

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Paotingfu, the Rev. H. T. Pitkin (1896), Miss Annie A. Gould (1893), Miss Mary S. Merrill. All these were under the direction of the American Board, representing the Congregational churches. The death-list of the Presbyterian Board includes the following at Paotingfu: Dr. G. Y. Taylor (1882), the Rev. F. E. Simcox and Mrs. Simcox (1893), with their three children, and, according to an authentic cablegram last Saturday, "probably" Dr. C. V. Hodge and Mrs. Hodge (1889). These last were till recently supposed to be at Peking. The wives of two of the slain are in this country—Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Pitkin. The missions of American Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, not being in the storm-center, seem thus far to have escaped. An official statement of the Church Missionary Society (England), quoted in a cable letter to the New York "Evening Post," reckons the total loss of the Protestant missionary force in China at from fifty to sixty men, women, and children, together with "a terrible list of murdered native Christians." The heaviest part of this loss is said to have fallen on the China Inland Mission and the old Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It is not unlikely, and it would be altogether fitting, that some general commemoration of this costly sacrifice for the evangelization of China should be made by the American churches who have suffered in the loss of these eighteen missionaries and six children the saddest bereavement in their history.

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Mr. Moody's Work Going on

A fitting sequel to the Bible Conference at Northfield in August, which so signally evinced the staying and growing power of Mr. Moody's work, will be the "Christian Workers' Convention" in September, at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Eight days, September 19–26, are to be given to prayer, Bible study, and conference, for a kindling of energy and a shaping of plans for revival work during the year. Evangelists, pastors, church officers, Sunday-school teachers, and others, disregarding denominational differences, are invited to join in these meetings for the promotion of true fellowship and co-operation in the conversion of men. The larger meetings of the week will be in the Chicago Avenue Church (Mr. Moody's). Many special addresses are announced. The Rev. R. A. Torrey will preside. Further information will be furnished by the Rev. H. W. Pope, Secretary, 80 Institute Place, Chicago. Simultaneously with this we have the announcement of a six months' Bible course for men and women, September 27 to March 28, at the Northfield Training-School, the new President of which is the Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D. In line with Mr. Moody's cherished purpose, this School endeavors to work out the practical problem of communicating the best Christian influences to those rural communities whose ability to sustain Christian institutions has been impaired. With the training given to students in the school course is combined the practical discipline of field service in holding meetings and making visits throughout the districts adjacent to Northfield. "Every opportunity is grasped to show these isolated people that the power of God is in the commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" Besides courses more or less advanced in Bible study, the School offers various courses in music, child-study, hygiene, and domestic science, preparatory to effective service in Sunday-school work and parish visiting. For further information address Miss L. S. Halsey, East Northfield, Mass.

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A Conference

The annual Conference between the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association and its Secretaries was held last week at Sea Girt, N. J. The attendance was about seventy-five. The reports and discussions covered the work of the world, and proved unusually interesting and encouraging. The most remote point having a personal representative was Nanking, China, whence came Secretary Hwang, a member of the Faculty of the University of that city, and one of the corresponding secretaries of the Committee. The most interesting information was that in every European country the American type of Association work and methods has been accepted as the most desirable and most effective. In most of these countries American secretaries have been and still are in constant

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conference with men of influence, both in civil and public life, as to plans and purposes. This seems especially true of the work of the Association with and for students, railway men, and the army and navy. It appears that the American army methods were closely and successfully followed by English workers in the Transvaal campaign, largely because the first work was done by and in connection with the Canadian contingent, under the direction of the International Committee, and following the plans which were so successful in the Spanish-American war. Very interesting reports were made of the work now in hand with our own troops in China. The development of Association work, both at home and abroad, has been far greater than most people understand. In this country the greatest advance seems to have been made along the line of railroad work. Nearly every important railway corporation in the United States is now making systematic inspection of its terminal points, and is making liberal grants for the erection and equipment of buildings and for the maintenance of Association work. Among the students the special advance has been in Bible study. Thousands of college and university students are now engaged in this work, under systematic and competent guidance and instruction, with specially prepared textbooks and with regular examinations at the close of each course. This work has come into existence practically within four years. The building movement is keeping pace with the development of the work in other directions. The whole tone of the Conference was excellent, marked by sanity, wholesomeness, and good sense.

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First Porto Rican Orphanage

The town council of Bayamon, Porto Rico, offered to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions (Disciples) the use of the old Municipal Building for orphanage purposes. This they have accepted upon the recommendation of the Rev. B. L. Smith, Secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society, whom they sent to Porto Rico as a special commissioner to investigate the conditions of the proposition. Mr. Smith called upon the Mayor, Governor Allen, and other influential citizens, all of whom he found favorable to the proposed charity. The Woman's Board has appropriated a sum of money to repair the buildings, appointed Mrs. S. P. Fullen as matron, and is planning to cultivate the seven-acre garden plot belonging to the property. In accepting the property, the Christian Woman's Board of Missions agrees to maintain at least twenty-five orphans, and the management is to be left entirely in their hands. It is its purpose to ask that individuals and auxiliary mission boards adopt orphans and support them in the orphanage. One child can be supported and educated in the institution for $30 per year. Bayamon Orphanage is the first to be opened on Porto Rican soil. A boys' charity school exists at San Juan, and an orphanage is talked of at Areciabo, but it has not been established as yet.

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Single-Tax Nonconformists

Whatever may be said of the single-taxers, they certainly have a faith and are willing to suffer for it. Recently one of their leaders in St. Louis, a real estate agent named John J. McGann, accepted imprisonment for six months rather than pay a tax of twenty-five dollars levied upon him for the privilege of carrying on his business. Mr. McGann took the ground that the right to labor was antecedent to the formation of the State, and that the State had no moral right to tax its exercise. Inasmuch as the business of a real estate dealer is not one requiring to be restricted for purposes of public policy, the injustice of the Missouri "occupation" tax imposed upon Mr. McGann is conceded by thousands of people who do not admit the single-tax premises. In fact, many of our Northern State Constitutions practically forbid such taxes by stipulating that all citizens shall be taxed in proportion to their property. Perhaps because of the obvious injustice of the "occupation" tax, Mr. McGann's protest against its payment awakened a vast amount of popular sympathy in St. Louis, and since his imprisonment he has been able to agitate against the tax far more effectively than ever before. The St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," which has opened its columns to the protests of Mr. McGann's champions, gives Mr. McGann a large part of

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the credit for the recent agitation to require the street railway companies of St. Louis to pay taxes upon the market value of their franchises. This agitation has already added several million dollars to the property on the city's tax duplicate, and may perhaps add millions more before the property of the railroads is as heavily taxed as the homes of most of its citizens. Because of this conspicuous service which Mr. McGann has rendered to the city, many citizens are in favor of releasing him from his imprisonment, but Mr. McGann himself is apparently making no effort to secure his release.

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America in the World

The emergence of China from her old seclusion into the general movement of the modern world has been advanced so rapidly by recent events that it has deeply impressed the imagination of men of every race, who are not slow to recognize that it is a pivotal event in history, and marks the opening of a new era in the development of humanity. There is another event, however, not yet so clearly recognized but even more significant of movement and change: the emergence of the United States from its seclusion into the world-wide movement of modern life. For, in a certain sense, this country has been as much detached and isolated as China. There has been no material wall about our territory; the country has been open to the whole world; there has been the freest exchange of books, ideas, knowledge; Europe has influenced us deeply and we have influenced Europe deeply; and yet we have gathered our skirts about us, and, sharing the profits of world-wide civilization, have refused to bear its burdens or accept its responsibilities. We have preached the brotherhood of nations and gotten gain out of it, but we have declined to pay for it. We have sent our commerce into the most remote oceans and carried on traffic with the farthest East, but we let other countries bear the burden of establishing and maintaining the order of which we have freely taken advantage. We have treated Europe as if it were consumed with greed of territory and lusting for power, and at the same time we have made the most of the opportunities which Europe has created for travel and trade.

This seclusion was necessary for our growth as a Nation; for we have not been a Nation until within the last two decades. It was necessary for the settlement of a new continent, the organization of a new society, and the clear and definite realization, by the people at large, of the principles for which we stand and the deep and vital tendencies which, in a true sense, are making our destiny. For destiny is not, as some critics of recent movements have tried to make us believe, a passive acceptance of external conditions as the determining elements in national life; it is the shaping of events and the setting in motion of tidal influences by the working out of racial character. The only "manifest destiny" for the American people is to be found in the energy, the inventiveness, the faith in man, and the confidence in his ability to better his condition, which lie deep in the character of the American people. We have passed into an era of expansion, not because we have been driven on by blind fate, but because we have been driven on by an inward force—the force which has made men of our race discoverers, explorers, settlers, organizers, leaders, administrators, reformers, and artists for many centuries. The victory at Manila was not a cause; it was an occasion. It did not abruptly and blindly open a new chapter in our history; it threw a sudden light on a situation for which we had been long preparing, but which we had not clearly recognized. Nations, like men, depend on events for opportunities of showing what is in them; but events are of importance, not for what they create, but for what they reveal.

Our seclusion on this side the globe and our long absorption in our own affairs furnished the conditions which our education as a nation required; but that process has now ended; we shall not cease to learn, but we have entered a higher school. Our period of apprenticeship is over; we are now called upon to show of what stuff we are made, and how far we have mastered the science of government, of social order, and of national development. It matters not that we have a hundred problems of our own still unsolved; a man does not keep out of public affairs

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because he has private and personal matters which perplex and oppress him. Public and private duties are not only indissolubly bound together, so that no brave and conscientious man can separate them, but, where they are met seriously and intelligently, they disclose unsuspected points of contact; and the doing of one set of duties equips a man for the doing of another set. If we waited until our work was done and our lives brought into final harmony before assuming new responsibilities, we should not only turn cowards, but we should miss the best education which life offers us.

There is now a clear alternative before us: either we must take up our share of the responsibilities of keeping the modern world in order, or we must cease to profit by what other nations are doing in this direction. We cannot honorably any longer take the profits and refuse to pay our share of the expenses. We cannot share in the gain of a great partnership and evade its risks. We must either call our ships home, refuse to permit American capital and American energy to assist in the development of undeveloped countries, send for our missionaries and close our churches and schools in semi-civilized or barbarous countries, refuse to allow our books to be translated into Chinese, and rigidly limit ourselves to our own territory in trade, religion, science, art, education, and philanthropy; or we must accept our share of the responsibility of living in the world and dealing freely with the race in the great fellowship of humanity.

To take our share of the work of the world and bear our share of its burdens will involve dangers and entail expense; but when did a decent man or a respectable people ever settle a question of duty by a nice calculation of expense, or decide the question of accepting a new responsibility by a consideration of the risks involved? Brave men do not barter with duty nor trade with responsibilities. This country has a work to do in the modern world which it cannot escape, and ought to rejoice in accepting as its service to humanity. The perils which may face it through greater intimacy with the older nations are small compared with the perils of detachment and isolation which have been steadily growing during the last two decades. Nothing could be more disastrous for the higher civilization in this country in the long run than the feeling that we have no common cause with the older nations; that we are committed to permanent antagonism to the other peoples who make up our race; that the history of the past has no lessons in government or finance for us to learn; that we are powerful enough to set the laws of trade at defiance; that we can, at our will, make all things new. This provincial feeling, this fostering of old antagonisms which can survive only in a soil of ignorance, this self-sufficient exploitation of our achievements and character, this rank growth of a feeling of superiority to other peoples, this continual declamation about liberty while the country is stained from end to end with lawlessness—these are signs of the partial development, the unhealthy egotism, the indifference to larger relationships, which grow readily in isolation and detachment.

We are members of the great family of nations, to all of which we are deeply indebted for knowledge, truth, political experience, and service of many kinds; we have been more fortunate in our conditions than many of these older peoples, but we are not a whit better; and we have still much to do before we can claim equality with them in magnitude and quality of service to the spiritual development of the race. We need their help and they need ours. We are commanded by our opportunities—which are the voice of God—to take up new burdens and enter upon a newer and a greater life. Those who hold back and cry out that the "ways of the fathers" are being forsaken see neither their own time nor the times of the fathers. The fathers saw the open door in their own day and passed through it, breaking with the past as they did so and facing all manner of peril and incurring every kind of cost. They were accused by good and well-meaning contemporaries of being revolutionists and demagogues: "popular demagogues," wrote one of the critics of the men in Massachusetts who urged independence on the American colonies, "always call themselves 'the people;' . . . he that would excite a rebellion, whatever professions of philanthropy he may make when he is insinuating and worming himself into the good graces of the people,

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is at heart as great a tyrant as ever wielded the iron rod of oppression." The fathers who gave the American State a chance to be did not stop because of perils and costs, and their children cannot afford to be less brave. The fathers were not seeking for power and self-aggrandizement; their children are not "imperialists" bent on conquest and slaughter. They recognize that a new age has dawned, and, in the American spirit and in absolute loyalty to American principles, they propose to meet its duties and responsibilities with the courage of those who believe that America ought to live with the world and not remain shut up in her own private grounds, however spacious; that she has before her a great opportunity for which she has been preparing herself, and that her supreme sin now would be the "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

The Only Refuge

The opportunities for action are so many in these days, and the calls for service so pressing, that the most devout and devoted men are sometimes drained of their spiritual fervor, and are in danger of becoming mere mechanical doers of good deeds rather than deep and rich springs of spiritual power. In mediæval times too great emphasis was laid on meditation and prayer, on solitude and silence; in modern times the tendency in the opposite direction has been so excessive that the fountains of spiritual life sometimes seem to be perceptibly lowered by the incessant endeavor to cover the entire surface of modern life with a network of religious activities.

These activities are of immense importance, and the great emphasis which modern men put upon works as an evidence of faith is wholesome; but in the religious life, as in every other department of life, there must be balance and proportion. An institutional church needs a very deep and rich life of the spirit behind it if it is to be kept fresh in feeling, creative in method, and sound in aim. The greater and more complicated the machinery, the greater the need of an increase of motive power. It is one of the inspiring signs of our times that the circumstances of the less fortunate in society rest so heavily on the hearts of those who are blessed with abundance, and that so many men and women of the best sort are giving themselves up body and soul in an eager endeavor to create better and happier conditions for the poor in great cities, to secure justice and fairness to labor under the law, and to bring a society which calls itself Christian nearer the model of a Christian society.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the importance of this noble movement in the Church and out of it which is making to-day for the betterment of the world. But it must not be forgotten that, when reformers have carried through all reforms, the help of God will still be supremely necessary; for the issues of life are not in conditions, but in men; and if the time ever comes in which all men shall be physically comfortable, the final questions will still remain to be solved by every man. Just laws, wholesome homes, free education, and universal helpfulness will help mightily to bring in the kingdom of God; but human nature will still be what it always has been, and the grace of God will be as necessary for the man in the model tenement, with the model school at the corner, as it is to-day for the man in the slums. We are helped by conditions, but we are not saved by them; after all our devices, laws, remedies, and reforms, God must still be our refuge; for in Him, not in conditions, we live and move and have our being.

The saints and teachers of the mediæval ages have much to teach us in this busy modern age, with its vast activities and its faith in works. They missed many things which we possess, and their view of life was partial and distorted; but they knew where the springs of strength were. They found peace in quiet communion with the Spirit of the Lord; for they were convinced that man's only real refuge and peace are in God.

"Happy is the soul which, being afflicted in this world, is comforted of God," wrote good Thomas à Kempis, "which, being unknown to men, is known to the holy angels; neglected by the wicked, but sought after by the good; despised by the proud, but loved by the humble; separated from the children of the world, but united to the servants of God; scorned by the great, but honored

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by the little one; dead to the world, but alive unto God; afflicted in the flesh, but rejoicing in spirit; weak in health, but strong in mind; downcast in countenance, but upright in conscience; burthened by toil, but strengthened in prayer; bent under the weight of infirmities, but raised up again by interior consolations; and prisoned in this world by the bonds of the flesh, but in spirit rapt to heaven, and joined with Christ."

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The Spectator

The Spectator is not unduly timorous, but he confesses that in these days of haste he often gets a little nervous in the city streets lest something may happen to somebody. And of a truth something is always happening, though the Spectator does not personally see many of the serious accidents incident to the effort to have rapid transit in the metropolis without adequate means. Indeed, there is no way to learn how many street accidents there are in New York in any given time, for only those that prove fatal are permanently recorded. A sprained ankle, a crushed hand, a blackened eye—any of these is serious enough to the victim, but no records are kept of such happenings. The Spectator read in a magazine the other day the statement that the decreased death-rate in New York was due in large measure to the decrease in the deaths by accidents incident to street traffic since we introduced the cable-cars and the buzzing electrics. That writer had not taken the trouble to investigate the records. The number of deaths from street accidents is too small seriously to affect the death-rate in a great city. And, besides, not only are there more deaths than formerly from street accidents, but the number has increased in ten years fifty-one per cent., while the population has increased only twenty-eight per cent. Our magazine writer did not know very exactly what he was talking about. It is not impossible that his article was not less interesting on account of his picturesque inaccuracy. There be many who shy at exact statements, who will swallow a glittering generality, true or false, with great relish. That is one reason for the popularity of that journalism which we call yellow.

Eleven years ago, that is, in 1889, the population of New York was, in round numbers, 1,515,000. That year there were 155 deaths from street accidents. Last year the population was estimated at 1,953,569, and the street accidents caused 235 deaths. It is curious to compare one year with another, because in 1889 we had in New York none of the modern methods of street traction, no automobiles, and comparatively few bicycles. Pray look at this little tabulation:

	1899.	1889.
Killed by wagons and trucks.....	105	60
" elevated road.....	9	3
" horse-cars	20	24
" steam-cars.....	26	68
" automobile.....	1	
" bicycle.....	7	
" cable-cars.....	19	
" electric cars.....	48	
Totals.....	235	155

A glance at this tabulation shows that the new and quicker method is not safer. At the earlier period we had ten times as much street-car mileage, but the accidents were only twenty per cent. more than last year. The fewer accidents from steam-cars is due to the sinking and walling in of tracks and the abandonment of some lines.

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Once a New York Congressman was charged by a member from Texas with belonging to a delegation which did not fairly represent the intelligence of the metropolis. The New Yorker made reply: "There may be something in what the honorable gentleman from Texas says. We may not be as smart as some others at home, for let me tell the gentleman from Texas that it takes more sense to go across the street safely in New York than successfully to run for Congress in Texas." And the Spectator does not believe that the streets are any safer now than they were ten and twenty years ago. There is no way in the world to get at the minor accidents. Even the cases that go to the hospital for treatment are not reported unless they are serious. To be sure, records are kept in each hospital, but the statistics are not assembled. The young surgeons and the hospital staff members know about these things, however, and you cannot get any of these to speak slightingly of the dangers of the New

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York streets. He jests at scars who never dressed a wound. The railroad company officials could tell more than any others, but on such subjects these officials preserve a reticence that is really amazing. They have even been known to deny that there are many accidents, and to charge that the seriousness of every accident is exaggerated a hundredfold. But the officials are tremendously ready to settle for any damage that is done, provided the settlement can be made quickly and without going to court.

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A friend of the Spectator was not long ago tumbled off a cable-car, rolled in the mud, and very considerably bruised. The car stopped, and the conductor picked him up. In the car the now tramplike-looking passenger took the conductor's number and gave his card in exchange, saying that he should secure satisfaction. It was two days before he could get out to his business. Meantime he took stock of damages. His hat and overcoat both were ruined, his trousers were torn, and his umbrella broken. Besides this he had abrasions, contusions, and bruises from head to foot. He wrote a good-humored letter to the President of the company, saying that he would charge nothing for the hurts to his body, as they would get well, but he would trouble him to pay for the ruined clothes, which would never improve. He valued them as follows: hat, $8; overcoat, $75; trousers, $10; umbrella, $7. Total, $100. A few days afterwards the Spectator's friend was visited by an agent of the company, who said that he had been sent to offer $25 in full settlement. "Not a cent less than $100," said the Spectator's friend. Three days later the one hundred dollars was paid, and the railroad got off cheaply. And so did the Spectator's friend, for he had not lost his life, he had not hired a lawyer, and he had not got into the courts.

❀

These crowded cars in New York are fine fields in which to study the genus *humanus porcus*. When a man hustles for a car which promises to be crowded, he appears to throw away all his stock of gentility and decency before he starts; and when he achieves a seat, he more frequently than not becomes a very hog. All the cars are very much alike to him, but when he happens to be all hog and also very fat, the open cars, with seats crossways, afford him his most cherished opportunity for the exhibition of his porcine capacities. He always manages to get the seat next the step, so that every one entering and every one leaving must climb over him. If he had an intelligent appreciation of comfort, he would move to the other side of the car, where no one would disturb him; but it takes the reasoning faculty to think of that. It is not possible that he thinks at all; he merely acts without consideration of others, or even of himself.

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There is one class to which the Spectator would like to pay tribute—the conductors. Theirs is certainly a very hard job. The Spectator is very sure that he could not hold such a place successfully for a week. The strain seems to be incessant, and, besides, these conductors are in contact pretty nearly all day with men and women not in the best of humor, some of them downright angry. It is a cheerful soul indeed who preserves good nature when physically uncomfortable. That is what the majority of those who use the New York cars are all the time that they are in them. But the conductors must keep their tempers and be civil. That is required of them by their superiors. And it must be said that they do this pretty well. To be sure, they are not Chesterfields in grace and urbanity; but they do not try to be offensive. They mean no offense when they shout, "Step lively, lady, step lively!" Not a bit of it. They are merely trying to contribute something to the rapidity of movement which the modern urban demands as a right. It seems to the Spectator that a conductor, say on Broadway or Madison Avenue, has his hands and his head full all the time. He must collect fares with reasonable accuracy and give transfer tickets; he must notice when a passenger wishes to alight and when also that passenger is safely on terra firma; he must signal for each start when the incoming passengers get aboard; he must answer the questions of strangers and others; he must take care of the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and he must be watchful lest those who have drunk unwisely deep come to harm.

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Religious Aspects of the Paris Exposition[1]

By Charles Wagner

Author of "Jeunesse," "Justice," etc., etc.

INTELLIGENT readers sometimes try to decipher in handwriting the traits of human character; and nothing is more natural than thus to seek information about our individuality in an operation into which pass the least vibrations of our being, in which our lightest emotions make their mark. Nevertheless, handwriting is not the only action in which our inmost nature appears; a great number of other manifestations combine to reveal, if not to betray, us. In fact, every form of activity is a revelation. A man's work is the image of his soul, whatever care he may take to conceal it. This general conclusion has struck me in my thoughtful strolls through the Exposition of 1900. Therein our age shows forth its soul in its works, as I will try to make clear.

First of all, it is hardly necessary to say, no one could suspect that so colossal a manifestation was designedly combined to produce a particular impression. Despite all the care and effort that each concerned has put into his part, the total result differs from that which was expected. From all the elements of detail minutely calculated in advance come forth results totally unforeseen. Looked at from one point of view, this exposition in which the intention to shine and to show one's self in a favorable light animates the entire body of the expositors, collective or individual, is not the less a work of truth. Despite themselves, all these collaborators, who try, each on his own account, to throw dust in our eyes, still in the mass bring out a truthful likeness: thus from the fluttering of the leaves and from the twisted mass of branches and trees is brought out on the horizon the peaceful outline of the forest.

In the moral outline-portrait of our time, looked at from this point of view, that which is most striking is the mutual contradiction of the single features—the sad contrast between the several chief characteristics. The first of these contrasts is that between the serious and the frivolous elements.

At certain hours and in certain parts of the Exposition one might think one's self at a fair, with this sole difference—that the booths bear the names of nations instead of bearing the names of showmen. Every part of the world has sent here samples of its amusements. I cannot say whether the choice has been a happy one, but, judged by the total effect, these attractions are rather frivolous than gay. They furnish by their very variety, by the attitude and actions of those who look at them, proof that there is no place on earth where joy can be purchased for money, that there exists no artificial means of producing it. The things conventionally entitled "amusements" have in all the countries of the world a certain stamp of essential emptiness and sadness upon them. In them men joylessly make grimaces; they wish to be thought gay, try to appear happy, and attempt to communicate to the lookers-on that which they do not possess themselves. Priests and priestesses without faith, divinities dead for themselves, these unfortunates, with their enticements of dress, their efforts to call forth laughter, remind me of religious shrines where words without life are poured forth in order to galvanize souls without spirit. One broken cistern recalls another, and one might well say, "Sad as a priest; profane as a sacristan." The people engaged in these amusements, moreover, have other reasons than those inherent in their slave's task for not being gay. The amusements are not prospering; many of them have already failed financially; they are called commonly palaces of disillusion. And as each of those connected with these enterprises, down to the last singer or acrobat who exhibits himself, has for pretext the amuse-

[1] The first article in this series was published in The Outlook for September 8. It dealt with the Industrial Side of the Exposition, and was written by Robert Donald, editor of the London "Municipal Journal." Other articles will be: The Social Economics Exhibition (illustrated), by Dr. W. H. Tolman, Secretary of the League for Social Service; Educational Aspects, by Howard J. Rogers, Director of Education for the Commissioner-General of the United States to the Exposition; The Historical Element, by the Rev. W. E. Griffis, D.D., author of "The Mikado's Empire," etc., etc.; Woman's Part in the Exposition, by Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon); and The Pictorial Side of the Exposition, by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, illustrated by the author.

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ment of the public, but, in truth, is seeking to make money, the distressed expression of the paint-laden faces is really but the reflection of the empty cash-box. Poor fellows! why should I complain of them so much, since the failure of their undertakings seems to me a good omen?

But I will not pause longer before this very evident frivolous element, whose manifestations, gross and generally devoid of taste, disfigure a noble work. Surprised as I may be that so beautiful a robe should have upon it such ugly parasites, I prefer to turn my eyes from a frivolity which I wish I might regard as superficial to a serious side which has all the evidences of real depth.

This serious element I find more or less everywhere among the light and graceful edifices, though ephemeral, of which a multitude cover the vast plains of the Invalides and the Champ des Mars. In the first place, whoever has lived these past few years in Paris, and has shared in its emotions, passions, and frenzies, can but be surprised at seeing so many undertakings brought to completion successfully in the midst of the perpetual agitation of mind. To create a work in which each worker does his share, aided by mutual experience, sympathy, and with opportunity for silence and reflection, is relatively easy, despite all the obstacles which human activity incessantly encounters. But to create in full publicity, face to face with the strife of opposing opinions and of general indifference—that is hard indeed. For that there is needed, not only genius and enthusiasm, but a tenacious will which nothing defeats, an invincible determination. Because of this serious purpose, that of a worker fixed in his object, allowing himself to be distracted for no purpose, however important, the Exposition of 1900 is to me a precious monument. I use the word precious because everything in life is a symbol, and at the same time a reality. And if, for the people of this country, this determined toil which persists and reaches success through all obstacles is an encouraging proof of national vitality and of the power of self-recovery, it is also, for humanity at large, an image or figure of the great human labors of the future, pushing forward despite the sorrows of the present. Thus considered, this whole Exposition, with all its frivolous or merely ephemeral points of view, puts on, to my eyes, a religious aspect.

But the serious tendency of our time strikes me through other signs, numerous and difficult to misunderstand.

I recognize it in the conscientiousness revealed in countless details—true witnesses of that fidelity in little things in return for which Christ has promised one day to bestow great things. Pass through these galleries of industry, these sample-cases, as it were, of commerce. Here there are marvels of careful toil. The gigantic mass of the whole and the limits of the human power of observation prevent us from doing justice to the ingenuity and minuteness; but how worthy of respect it all is! What serious purpose it demonstrates! And, if we pass from the realm of industry to that of science, how the purpose becomes increasingly evident! Man here gives his whole self absolutely to his toil and is absorbed in it, consecrating to it his best vigor, just as the plant sends its most precious sap to the seed by which it is to be perpetuated. What scrupulous exactness, what solicitude for the truth, what system! I know very well that it is always possible to criticise, and that the creations richest in value are also those in which there remains the most to desire. But I love my age for its serious intention, for the difficulty it finds in satisfying itself in its work, for that tenacious purpose to do well what it does, to leave nothing to chance, and to accept nothing incomplete or imperfect. And these qualities of high rank console me for the apparent superficiality and frivolity.

That this age is serious appears, moreover, in its forethought for the future in all the problems it has taken up. Social questions, international questions, educational questions, questions of hygiene, all spring up before us as we pass through the aisles of the Exposition. And with each of these questions, enough in itself to require and employ the patience of a generation, efforts at solution have accumulated. Before each of these mountains barring the road a crowd of laborers is at work cutting and opening up roads. I have often admired the patience of ants busy in reconstructing their ant-hill and repairing the damage made even before

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the foot of a cruel passer-by which has broken it down has been removed. But the ant acts without knowledge. It is absorbed in the toil of the present; the weariness of past generations does not burden it, nor do future ages trouble it. Man, for his part, not alone struggles with present suffering, but drags the past like a chain and ball behind him, and often the future terrifies him. Despite all this, he marches forward, strives, organizes. His courage fills me with admiration; his invincible hope, his living faith, with enthusiasm. No! nothing is finer than to see a being, weak, laden with burdens, weary, surrounded with enemies, but who never gives up. So I leave it to the students of petty things to put up their glasses and look with a shocked air at the *danse du ventre* and other follies of this great Exposition. For my part I prefer to pass, hat in hand, before the works where the element of serious purpose manifests itself, and to salute them with highest respect in token of filial veneration.

Another contrast in the physiognomy of this age brought out by the Exposition is that between competition and collaboration. An exposition is a kind of vast arena where similar industries and products of the same class enter into rivalry one with the other. Side by side in the aisles of the Exposition we see arrayed competing commercial houses which have acquired in their specialties a kind of glory with which they seek to outshine one another and to attract the attention of the public. They challenge one another with their masterpieces, with their ingenious discoveries, while in their shadows struggle competitors of lesser force. The proportions and the ardor of the combat grow, for it is no longer isolated industrial competitors, but nations, who measure their powers. We see them vigorously straining every effort, disputing the ground with one another foot by foot. In the immobility of these machines, in the great masses of tools, and in all these manufactured products, we see disclosed a fever of combat. As two great players lay down in succession cards of more and more importance until one triumphs over his antagonist by the repeated playing of kings and aces, so the peoples of the earth play with one another a close, passionately contested game; everywhere there is struggling rivalry, unbridled rushing for superiority. But one need only to reflect a little in calmness to see all these phases of hostility, all these preparations for war without truce, put on an unexpected character; these individual works belonging to opposed interests can really be added together into one great sum. The total result of these rivalries is combination; without knowing it or desiring it, these combats end by exercising concentric force. An interest superior to the individual works itself out through selfish conflicts; and in the creation of this independent well-being acquired for the good of humanity all have their part. That harmony should come even from combat, and that, while putting into operation that which divides them and makes them enemies, men should in the end work for their own higher unity—this is a good conclusion to be reached by a man of religious spirit, a passionate believer in fraternity, one who is sadly impressed by all that divides men. There are certain times when our eyes are opened to see other intentions than those directly visible to every ordinary passer-by. Then these enormous assemblages of the products of the earth and of the works of man are no longer to us signs of rival industries and of nations in battle for the markets of the world; rather I see in them an enormous love-feast, to which each has brought the best to make all common property. Then the cost-price, patent rights, desire for monopoly—all the traits of the old savage cupidity which lie dormant in man—become effaced, and I see man's nobler self emerge like a clear and pure diamond from its matrix. And is there not something symbolical in all these marvelous transformations of an industry which draws out from formless and black carbon and the miry water of a stream a brilliant light; which makes beautiful new paper from old rags or from the coarse fiber of trees? Is it not thus that from our quarrels God establishes union, and that from our poor passions, fixed on objects of ephemeral worth, he draws out the elements of the kingdom of justice?

I come now to a more disagreeable contrast, and one as to which I cannot as yet see progress toward the higher harmony;

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it impresses all visitors to the colonial side of the Exposition. There we see the colonial products exposed to view. We may ask what they are worth and what they cost, but this kind of calculation does not exhaust the list of questions. There may have been excellent reasons for colonizing a country the products of which do not pay for our trouble. What is called useless labor, after all, is not, perhaps, as unreasonable as we may suppose; but I fear lest the commercial spirit, pushed to its extreme limit, may make us lose our reason, just as exaggerated philosophical speculation and extreme psychological analysis can never supply humanity with a debit and credit account from which it shall see clearly that life is worth the trouble of being lived. One of the noble qualities of man is in letting himself be pushed into enterprises not remunerative; so we should not be deterred from colonizing on account of the objection that the colonies cost more than they bring in. Humanity is something else than a merchant's shop; unfortunate would we be if everything was taken from us which has not an established right in the realm of utility; for the things which save the soul and of which we are most in need cannot be estimated in figures, neither can they be bought or sold.

But what troubles me as I pass through the exhibits of the colonies is not to know what they cost and what they bring in; it is the human question. Which is there of all these countries that can congratulate itself on having known us; which is happier and better than before? The harsh, armed contact of civilized nations with one another can be shown in the long run to have been productive; is it the same with the relations between the peoples of the colonies and ourselves? Is it not rather to their physical and moral degradation that they have known us? From that unequal struggle, which must end by their submission, what higher good has resulted to themselves? The way in which all civilized peoples have been induced to treat the inhabitants of their colonies is morally repugnant, and the adoption of our customs kills them more surely even than the balls of our rifles. Here, on the dark background of colonial history, civilization takes on an odious aspect. The true name of civilized man in his relations with primitive peoples is "Cain." As we see here their representatives occupied in their customary toils, their sons with ebony skin and muscles like oak muffled up in our uniforms, I think of all that has passed between them and ourselves, and a voice calls to me, "What have you done with your brother?"

The only future that I perceive for most of the colonized countries is the annihilation of the natives—whether they resist us or whether they are fused with us. The religious and brotherly elements within me feel horror at such a view, while my social being understands very well that our relations with the colonies are too often the negation of our social faith. Here, in civilized countries, despite the ardent competition of classes, despite international conflicts, justice in the end gains a hearing; a little true humanity throws its light upon that brutal conflict. But there, far away in the colonies, in our relations with the inhabitants, a fatality seems to drive us into tyranny, into contemptuous treatment of women and children, into the oppression of the feeble, and into destruction which would be regarded among civilized people as contrary to the law of nations, and would bring upon its authors universal execration. I should be very glad to perceive a glimmer of light in this darkness; but so far I cannot perceive, as the poet says, "the side of night which seems transparent." This is why one of the contrasts which trouble me here in the midst of this fête of civilization is the dark figures of conquered peoples, wandering in the evening in the midst of the dazzling light of the fountains and the splendors of these transparent palaces.

In section number 112 are brought together those things which relate to public assistance, and in general to all the organization of aid. Here is where we see multitudes of plans of hospitals, homes for old people, refuges for the night, day nurseries, and orphan asylums. Here intelligent sympathy shows itself in its works. Everywhere are found only attempts to repair evil, to heal wounds, supply wants, to solace the wretched, to render life possible for the feeble. Here the blind work and sell the product of their labor. There is shown the method

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employed to teach the deaf-mutes to speak. This part of the Exposition occupies an immense balcony on the first floor near the department of machines. Now, in certain places, when one approaches the front of the balcony, he has beneath his eyes a portion of the ground floor, the vast dimensions of which give it the aspect of a plain. In this plain rise spires, towers, castle-like buildings with battlements, pyramids, columns, a whole legion of constructions built up out of one kind of material, "The Bottle," that Pandora's box of the new age. These are the temples of alcohol: absinthes, apéritifs, brandies, whiskies, bitters, liquors of every kind, in flasks of every shape, plump, thin, twisted—such are the divinities these temples shelter. And among these divinities some of those best lodged claim an origin which makes one think: Chartreuse, Trappistine, Bénédictine, Eau des Carmes, Elixir des R. R. P. P.—are not these monastic names which remind one of the convent, its chapels, and its prayers? There are, then, monks who are distillers; and on their flasks, artistically presented, what is the trade-mark? It is the Cross of Calvary! Who would have thought the emblem of salvation would be destined one day to serve as a trade-mark to recommend alcohol?

From the gallery where I stand, surrounded by suffering and charity, between the statues of Valentin Haüy and Abbé de l'Épée, I look over that alcohol-plain where clerical and lay distillers enter into rivalry, and a heartbreaking contrast takes possession of me. The same epoch that displays such care in solacing that which is wretched in life has exercised its ingenuity in distilling all these poisons, in opening the worst fountains of evil; and, through some curious unpremeditated coincidence, the two elements are brought close together, and the devil's stills are placed side by side with the laboratories where steep and simmer the salutary drugs which destroy microbes and restore strength. It would be impossible in this age to declare in a more tragic manner that there are two men, two natures, in each of us. These two men may be found everywhere—in the mad competition existing at the same time, and despite itself, with combination; in the conjunction of the serious and the frivolous, of liberty and oppression, of antiseptics and intoxicants. If the reader permits, I will show him these two men in still other forms. Here, at the head of the bridge of the Trocadéro, there is a heavy red, cupola-like structure, in shape a gigantic soup-tureen cover. From holes pierced in the side come out long stems, but not of spoons; these are cannon of all calibers. The firm of Schneider, of Creusot, among others, exhibits these enormous guns. A little further on are found the land and sea artillery of all nations—a collection of engines of destruction such as the world has never before seen. As we leave the place, our imaginations picture scenes of naval battles, bombardments, villages on fire, fleets thundering and wrapped in smoke. Mankind seems to us mere food for cannon. Age of iron and of fire, of violence and blood! But while you are thus reflecting, there emerges to view from the pleasant shade close by a pretty little house in Louis XVI. style, as attractive and pleasing as the Schneider tower is threatening and repellent. On the entrance you read, Nursery for Infants. You enter: here are white cradles, nurses busy in tending the babies, glass boxes built with extreme care to shelter in cotton the delicate bodies of those born too soon; the heat and amount of air are measured; in watching an almost fearful tenderness is used, as with precious treasures with which no risks must be taken. A moment ago we saw how to destroy at a blow hundreds of lives of strong men in the flower of their age; now we are invited to see what may be done to cherish the least hope of life, the least germ of human existence. What does this mean? What a mad contradiction! And how well might this age, if it understood itself, sum up all the anguish of its divided and tormented self in that sad cry of St. Paul, "O wretched man that I am, who will deliver me?"

As we pass through the section where are assembled the means of transportation, and posts, telegraphs, and telephones, a new occasion presents itself to observe this eternal antagonism in a high degree. For here is the whole collection of means of locomotion on land and by sea. Each one of these engines is meant to abolish distance; even more than the express trains and the steamships which plow the

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immensity of the deep, the cables and the marvelous apparatus of wireless telegraphy tell us that between the most distant nations of the globe there is now a practical bond, and that the cohesion and unity of the human family has found organs whereby it may assert itself.

Before the constantly increasing intimacy which such means of correspondence make possible, a vast horizon opens before the gaze, quite different from that which Louis XIV. greeted when he said, "There are no longer any Pyrenees." Now, recollect that the epoch in which these marvels spring forth is the same which is everywhere strengthening frontiers, multiplying armies, exciting nationalism, and which may in the end again give its old barbaric sense to the word foreigner (*étranger*). To speak by telephone from one end of the world to the other, and to become finally "nationalist" in the narrow and painful sense of the word, this is certainly a combination of directly opposed tendencies. This is not all. The same men who keep up constant commercial relations with those at a distance are not acquainted with their own fellow-countrymen; their districts, their streets, their very houses, contain regions unexplored by them. They live and die within a few steps of one another, contemporaries, children of the same age, exposed to the same sufferings, companions in hope, moreover, and they do not even speak one to the other. The cities show us this spectacle of men who elbow one another without speaking to one another, of existences more isolated in overpopulated places than they are in the midst of virgin forests.

We obtain a mingled impression of this age as we regard its vast and very laborious manifestation in this Exposition, the last great work in which it depicts itself; but this must not be disappointing. In the final estimate, here is seen thrown out into strong relief and in gigantic proportions the old contest between the inferior and superior sides of our being. Here is seen the key of the mystery of this age, at once frivolous and serious, devoted to rivalry and co-operation, of this age which builds and destroys, which wounds and cures, which is at the same time tender and brutal, peaceful and combative. There is a singular grandeur in this passionate struggle between the worst and the best elements of our nature.

The man of religious tendency finds here ample material for reflection. If he is a sectarian and a formalist, he may regret the absence of religious manifestations, properly so called. There was no solemn function of inauguration, there was no official benediction. It might have been believed that God was absent, that Christ took no part in this festival; but such a judgment would be hasty, superficial, and unjust. I hold that the trace of the Son of man is profoundly visible through this toilsome undertaking; I would even say that he is evident in many places. All that is seen here that is good, humane, and brotherly has its direct root in the Gospel. Moreover, I believe we may see in spirit Christ stop here, glance about, and say, "What instruments for justice are here; what an open way for good will; what recruits for the kingdom of heaven!" Innumerable are the institutions and enterprises in which far-seeing good will, eagerness in loving, desire to aid and to save, have found admirable expression. All these things are stepping-stones toward the Temple of the Future. "If ye believe in God, believe also in me," said Jesus—that is to say, believe in man, in holy humanity, in the certain victory of good over evil. There are two men in us; if you trust in God, you must do him the honor of believing that the better will conquer.

For my part, I recollect with joy the words of peace, of cordial welcome, and of of sincere and brotherly hospitality pronounced by the President of the Republic and the Ministers on the day of the opening of the Exposition of 1900. In the social and international realms they tried to emphasize that which unites mankind; and, with spirit full of echoes from the old prophets and the Sermon on the Mount, I listened to these things, good to hear at all times, but particularly important when they are contrasted with the clash of arms now sounding almost everywhere over the globe. The old man still forges arms of destruction, but let us trust in God and in higher humanity; a day will come, despite us, when the more swords there shall be, the more pruning-hooks shall be forged.

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Christian Missionaries in Asia

By the Rev. Percy S. Grant

THE incidental criticisms that the missionaries have received during the recent mysterious imbroglio in China are far from just. When the Western world is finally enabled to get at the bottom of the present trouble, I am confident it will be discovered that the Christian missionary is not the cause. On the contrary, the causes of the unrest in China to-day can readily be traced to harsh economic conditions; to Chinese hatred of the present dynasty, easily effervescent under a loose and corrupt government, and to Russian diplomacy. Perhaps there is no country in the world where the right of rebellion is so clearly taught by tradition, and by sages whose words have received a religious sanction, as in China. From the fourth to the sixteenth century there were a dozen revolutions of government in China, and countless insurrections.

The missionaries have been charged with: (1) Interference with the religion of the country; (2) interference with the administration of justice; (3) insolent disregard of native customs; (4) luxurious and indolent lives; (5) small intellectual cultivation; (6) confusing heathen by the controversies of Christian sects. I will consider these criticisms briefly and in order.

(1) The Christian religion is permitted in China by treaty, and therefore officially cannot be looked upon as an aggressive or antagonistic religious faith. It would not have been granted standing room in the country if the Government had considered it to be hurtful to itself or to its subjects. On the contrary, the essential doctrine of Christianity in the eyes of the Chinese is the Golden Rule, and this rule, in a negative form, as we all know, is found among the sayings of Confucius—was the sum of his teaching; accordingly, the Chinese complacently view the Christian religion as the embodiment of one side of the morality of their great sage.

Besides this, it is attributing altogether too much importance to Christian missionaries to suppose that so small a band of them as now exists in China could influence such an immense population, even if the influence resulted in hostility to themselves. I doubt if there are two thousand Christian missionaries in China, including the Chinese Inland Mission; which would make one missionary to each two hundred thousand of the population. It is asserting the impossible to suppose that so small a proportion of the population of China could produce in ill will results adequate to the present disturbances.

It must be remembered that the prevailing religion in China, as we use the term religion, is Buddhism; that this is an imported faith, which came as a missionary teaching, and that it was not produced in China itself. There are only seven million Buddhists in the home of Buddhism—India—and these are mostly in Burma and Ceylon. But there are over four hundred million Buddhists in China and Japan. Confucianism originated in the attempt of Confucius, who had the political welfare of the people of his province at heart, to devise a moral system that would engender nobler citizenship. Confucianism to-day is more a political faith than it is a religion. A Chinaman, for instance, can be both a follower of Confucius and a follower of Buddha without comment or reproach. It happens, therefore, that the Chinese have no objections to a religious faith which does not interfere with their political institutions—that is to say, with their form of government. The political complexion of the native religion of China is like that found in Japan, where Shintoism has become little more than a political creed incentive to loyalty. Shintoism is a form of nature-worship, without dogma or morality. Indeed, within two hundred years Shintoism has been upheld by its chief advocate because it was not a moral system. Morals, this Japanese sage, Moto-ori, claims, were invented by the Chinese as a discipline for an immoral people; this discipline the Japanese did not need. Shintoism is only a political formula. A Japanese can be at once a believer in Shinto and a Buddhist. To-day, while the Japanese Government is giving

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especial honor to Shintoism as a pledge of loyalty, yet it no more fears the political results of Christianity than Victoria fears the revolutionary force of Methodism, a faith which does not recognize her as its religious head.

There is a sense in which Christian missionaries may be considered to have been hostile to existing forms of governments in the East. (*a*) In Japan, for instance, the Emperor is a fabled descendant of the Sun Goddess, the greatest of Shinto divinities. Any attack upon Shintoism used to be construed as, and was unwittingly, an attack upon the throne, because, theoretically at least, if the subjects of the Mikado changed their religion they had no longer their strongest incentive to loyalty. The persecution of Christians in Japan in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was caused after this manner by fear for that form of government in Japan which was so essentially bound up with the religion of the country. (*b*) In China, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Roman Catholic missions became political agents. The missionary field was contested by the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the Franciscans. But this war of monastic orders was supported by great European powers. Portugal was the champion of the Jesuits, and France and Italy of the Franciscans and Dominicans. Politics intruded to such an extent that the great and friendly Emperor K'anghsi complained to the missionaries that their dissensions ruined the cause they had at heart. In fact, contrary to a recent statement of an "Ex-Attaché" in the New York "Tribune," the Christian missions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in China were so political that they went to pieces with the fall of the power of Portugal, and had come into the greatest discredit with the Chinese even before that time. (*c*) To-day the political pretensions of the Papacy have placed Catholic missions on a more political basis than are the missions of any other Church. The Protestant missions are non-political, except as the accidents of their life may be taken advantage of by ambitious governments in Europe, as was recently seen in the action of the German Emperor. (*a*) The education of the humblest members of society and the inculcation of the conception of their moral worth and independence must always threaten the power of an absolute ruler. Christianity is, therefore, uncongenial to an Oriental despotism, as upon analysis it will be found uncongenial in its true definition to any despotism. In the East, Christianity's largest triumph has been won among the poor and despised. In China the lame, halt, and blind, the very abject, have been most benefited by missionary labor. In India the outcasts, the very pariahs, neglected by the other castes, have even received the Gospel of Jesus as the word of an earthly Saviour and Liberator. In the sixteenth century the Catholic missionaries to Japan sought out and converted the slaves and lowest orders of a feudal State. Such enlightenment of the most abused of his subjects alarmed the Emperor, who saw in the extension of Christianity the subversion of the government of which he was the head.

(2) The great body of missionaries do not interfere with Chinese courts of justice. Such action is a matter of policy with them. With the Catholic clergy this is not the case. As a Protestant myself, I am willing to ask the question, Why should not a missionary try to protect a Christian convert accused of crime, or in litigation? In the first place, it cannot be true that the criminal classes seek membership in the Christian Church in order to secure protection against laws which they have broken. A most interesting phase of the Christian Church in the East is its similarity to the primitive Church in the early Christian centuries. A member is not admitted easily or hastily. He becomes a catechumen, and is under constant instruction extending over months and sometimes over years. The number of new converts at each mission station is small, and consequently a missionary has minute and prolonged observation of any native seeking membership in the Christian Church. He cannot easily be deceived. Certainly there can be no wholesale deception.

On the other hand, if we ask what sort of justice it is that the Christian convert receives in case he is accused of crime, we discover that Chinese justice does not deserve the name. The criminal must prove his innocence, and the court tries to secure a confession of guilt by means of torture. The judge in small towns is

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often a person who comprises in himself the function of chief of police and of prosecuting attorney. From such a judge, it can be easily supposed, there is slight escape after arrest has once been made. It is needless to say that Chinese punishments are barbarously cruel. The day I visited Canton seven executions took place, with no stir or comment among the people of the city. A book I picked up there contained rice-paper pictures of Chinese punishments, all of them of a disgustingly cruel nature. Has not a Christian missionary, in the name of humanity, a right to interfere, if he decently can, with such farcical justice? More than this, it is well known that the court is in such collusion with the jailers that accused persons are often condemned and sent to prison merely in order that the jailer may release them or mitigate their punishment for a money consideration which he shares with the judge. Chinese justice is so topsy-turvy and impossible that European and American merchants will have nothing to do with it. They are guaranteed the right of ex-territorial courts, where all cases of dispute between themselves and Chinamen can be decided by the laws and by the procedure of their own country.

(3) There is not an insolent disregard of native customs shown by Christian missionaries. On the contrary, many of the missionaries have adopted the queue, the costume and manners, of the Chinese. Some Protestants have gone so far as to marry Chinese wives in order to identify themselves with the people among whom they labor. Neither is there much chance of ignorant violation of Chinese customs. The missionaries who would be capable of that, the younger and less experienced men and women, are in all cases under the direction of older and more experienced missionaries, whose constant solicitude it is to be on good terms with the people among whom they live. The American Minister in Tokio told me he had never had a complaint against a native by a missionary or against a missionary by a native. Complaints lodged by natives and American merchants against each other were daily occurrences. Men who have pluck and resolution enough to exile themselves for life in a perpetual "yellow day" are not without the saving grace of common sense. The missionaries share with all pioneers in the possession of practical wisdom. At St. John's College, Shanghai, at a beautiful chapel service, I saw the older girls of the Girls' School screened so that they could not be seen by the other worshipers, who were the college students, professors, visitors, etc. Upon asking why they were screened, I was told that it was to conform to the Chinese custom, which made it indecorous for them to be seen by young men in a public place. I noticed a middle-aged Chinese woman in constant attendance at the side of the lady principal of the Girls' School. I asked who this fine-faced Chinese woman was, and was told that she was an attendant, employed because the Chinese do not regard it proper for a woman to appear alone in public. The American lady principal was protected from comment by her presence. In fact, wherever you turn in a missionary compound, you discover some recognition in the usages of the missionaries of the peculiar customs of the country. Indeed, what would be gained by failing to fall in with the peculiarities of a foreign land? Nothing. On the contrary, unfriendly feeling would be incited against those objects for which the missionaries are giving their lives. Can we suppose them so obtuse or obstinate as senselessly to endanger their work? There is more sympathy between natives and missionaries than between natives and any other class of foreigners. In Japan missionaries have urged treaty revision by which the Japanese are allowed jurisdiction over foreigners in the courts. Their prophecies of the success of revision have proved true. In China missionaries have been chosen by the Government to distribute relief in time of flood in preference to Chinese officials.

(4) A missionary cannot live luxuriously or indolently on a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year, especially if he has a wife and children. The Chinese are a very poor people. Agriculture, as at present practiced there, will not adequately support the population. There is potential wealth in mines; there is cheap labor for industrial development; but to-day the Chinese are exceedingly poor. Their houses are unsubstantial and mean. It is only by way of comparison with the poor Chinese and their flimsy dwellings that a missionary can be

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considered to dwell at ease. With their usual egotism, the Chinese have always regarded Europeans as representatives of poor races, because foreigners came to China to make money. Consequently, the Chinese considered themselves superior in wealth to the rest of the world. It would be wise, then, if all diplomatic, mercantile, and even Christian institutions of the East could be substantially housed to teach the Chinese an object-lesson. The missionary would gain nothing, and very likely would lose his life, by trying to live under the squalid and unsanitary conditions to which the great mass of Chinese are accustomed. Even to live in a native quarter is dangerous to health.

There are two ways in which a missionary's money accomplishes more for him than if he were at home. For instance, American gold is worth double its face value in Chinese silver. The banks in Asia keep their accounts in silver. If you deposit gold, you are credited with silver in China, at about double the amount of your gold deposit. If the next day you wanted gold, you would have to draw silver and buy gold. A missionary's salary there, if he keeps a bank account, stands in his name for about twice what it would in America. Then, again, labor is very cheap. As the missionary's house is usually provided for him, it can be seen that he is able to live, in terms of food and service, better in China than he could in America. But this is true of European bank clerks and other business agents in the East, and is the result of the same causes. At best he is an exile.

It is needless to say that the missionary is not indolent in Japan and China. To master the language requires the young missionary to study five or six hours a day for as many years. Most of this study is done with a teacher, and therefore is not of a wool-gathering sort, but is intense application. These studies are so arduous that young missionaries often break down. In Japan this mental collapse is called "head." An eminent American physician in Yokohama, of thirty years' residence, told me that these breakdowns were frequent, and among the saddest things in his experience. Besides his study, the young missionary is given his share of duties, which extend through the rest of his day, and generally throughout the evening. I should say the missionaries give more hours to their work than the foreign mercantile agents, who, while hard-working, do not ordinarily have to learn the language, whose business is confined to definite hours, and who have the recreation of excellent clubs, with plenty of English sports, even including racing.

(5) The statement that the missionaries are deficient in mental cultivation is certainly untrue. Naturally, among a body of persons made up of different nationalities, from different social classes, and representing different religious bodies, there must be a difference in training and cultivation. The service performed at the mission stations is not all learned disputation. There is much nursing, Bible-reading, primary teaching, and there are services of a humbler sort, requiring devotion, character, and health. On the other hand, the missionary field has produced too many distinguished scholars to need defense. Personally, I was surprised at the high character of the different missionaries I encountered, either on steamers or at their stations, representing several Protestant denominations.

(6) It is a mistake to suppose that the Orientals are perplexed by the sectarian cut of the Christianity the missionaries bring to them. Denominationalism is a gentler thing in the missionary field than at home. Basil H. Chamberlain particularly commends the Protestant missionaries in Japan for their freedom from sectarian strife. Modern Protestant missions in the East have caused no scandal by bickerings and jealousies. On the other hand, sectarianism itself (the assertion by antagonistic sides of a religion that each is the only true faith) has not been a source of confusion. The Asiatics are used to sectarianism. Hinduism and Buddhism are riddled with sects, and even Mohammedanism has sectaries. Sir Ernest Sartow told me that the Christian sects were no bar to the propagation of Christianity in Japan. Even in the early days of Christian missions in Japan, toward the end of the sixteenth century, Hideyoshi, the great usurper, is said to have tolerated Christianity for a time, because among so many religions as then existed in Japan one more or less could, in his opinion, make no difference.

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This would seem to be a sufficient answer to any writer who declares that the Japanese are confused by Christian sects.

I may be allowed, perhaps, a reference to a recent criticism of Christian missions by a writer upon Japan. Mr. Stafford Ransome claims that in Japan the Christian missions were at first welcomed, then opposed, and are now treated with indifference. This statement is very misleading, because it implies that the resulting indifference has been caused by the action of the Christian converts, who have tried Christianity, have found it wanting, and are now neglecting it. There has been among Japanese converts to Christianity no disappointment and failure after a season of enthusiastic hope. The present status of Christian missions in Japan is the result, not of spiritual experiences, but of political development in the Japanese government. It cannot be said that Christian missions in this century were welcomed in Japan. They got a footing with difficulty. But the result of their labors was to awaken a thirst for European civilization. After the revolution of 1868, Christian missionaries were popular because they helped to Europeanize Japan. An American missionary, at the invitation of the Emperor, remodeled the whole educational system of the country. Everywhere the missionary was in evidence as representative, not only of the Christian religion, but of the learning and institutions of Europe. As the new spirit grew, however, while it continued to be imitative, it nevertheless developed an insular and patriotic attitude toward its Occidental teachers. Europe and America treated Japan like a child. They would not give the native government jurisdiction over foreigners. The child in turn grew surly, and threw away some of the gifts it had received from Western civilization, and undertook to return to a more strictly Japanese manner of life by putting on once more the national costumes, by using once again old customs, and by worshiping at the shrines of Shinto and Buddha. An intense race-consciousness, self-confidence, and pride superseded the former willing tutelage. While Western civilization was in fashion in Japan, from 1878 to 1888, Christianity was much sought after by the Japanese. For the last ten years or so it has received the indifferent attention that all things coming from "abroad" have been vouchsafed. The Japanese are rationalistic and utilitarian, consequently Christianity does not easily appeal to them. But the work of Christian missions is progressing. It produces most excellent results on Japanese character, and the social and domestic weaknesses of Japanese life are peculiarly susceptible to the influences of Christianity. The phrase "Christian home" denotes relationships so pure and delightful and new to the Japanese that it has been adopted into the language as practically descriptive of something which the Japanese had neither known nor been able to express.

The European and American merchants whom I met in the East spoke well of missionaries. The United States Minister to Japan went to Tokio hostile to missionaries; now he is an enthusiastic defender of them, as a result of his observation.

There is, however, one condition of foreign residence in China that rather separates the merchant from the missionary. The merchant relies to such an extent upon the consular courts, and consequently feels so independent of the natives, that a somewhat supercilious attitude is easily developed in the foreign business population toward the people in whose country they reside. The final result of this spirit is mutual suspicion and some ill will. This antagonism between the foreign business community and the natives existed in Japan until a year ago, when treaty revision abolished ex-territorial courts. In India a very serious outbreak took place against the then Viceroy when it was proposed to try Europeans before a native court. The missionaries, on the contrary, trust the natives and are trusted by them.

To tell the truth, as far as I can see, the missionaries are contributing more to the advancement and enlightenment of the Far East than all other agencies combined. The diplomats are so much concerned with national rivalries that they have no especial gift to the people or to the government except the letting of light into China through the opening of the treaty ports, and the example of splendid and honorable service seen in such personalities as Sir Robert Hart. The Western merchants do not like protracted residence in the

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East, and while there come as little as possible into contact with the native life. The missionary is the only man who professes not to be homesick, but who throws his lot in with the people and tries to sympathize with their needs and to understand them. The schools, the hospitals, the examples of unselfish devotion which the missionary field affords, have larger gifts for the native races of the East, and especially for China, than ever proceeded from any other source.

The most promising agency for reform in China is the native press. But this audacious and progressive experiment in journalism would have been impossible had not the missionaries first supplied fonts of type in Chinese character. The most beneficent institution in China is the Christian hospital, established and maintained by missionaries. St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai, is so much appreciated that for nineteen years it has been self-supporting. The most saintly deed in China is the rescue of troops of the blind, especially young girls dedicated to infamous lives, who are instructed by the missionaries in useful knowledge by the aid of a raised-letter system invented by a Christian teacher. The most far-reaching influence in China is that which proceeds to-day from Christian schools and is the result of Western education and the example of Christian character.

A Visit to the Visayas[1]

By Phelps Whitmarsh
Special Commissioner for The Outlook in the Philippines

DAYBREAK on the morning of May 1, 1900, found the Indiana cautiously picking her way into the wooded harbor of Palanog, which lies on the east coast of the island of Masbate. Ahead of her ran the shallow-draught Helena and the launch Baltimore, sheering to right and left as they went and crying the soundings. They were finding a safe road for the big white transport. Two days before, while entering Santa Cruz harbor, she had poked her nose up on a sand-bank, thanks to Spanish charts, and it took the whole fleet tailing on to her stern to pull her off again. After rounding the point of the little peninsula which forms a natural breakwater, we swung into a deep, land-locked basin and anchored within three hundred yards of the shore. The information gathered by the military authorities concerning Masbate as a whole was exceedingly hazy. Beyond its latitude and longitude nothing was certain. It was reported, however, as being an island twice the size of Marinduque, sparsely inhabited by Visayans, of bad character and the rendezvous of a large number of Tagalog insurgents who had been driven from the south of Luzon. As the latter were supposed to have plenty of arms and ammunition, a strong resistance was expected; but, after the "resistance" offered by the people of Marinduque, we were cynical. Certainly there was no appearance of opposition on shore. The nipa lookout on the point, which was raised on bamboo stilts some fifty feet from the ground, had been empty since we sighted it, the beach and houses scattered along it showed no life, the harbor was without a boat, and the whole place seemed deserted.

Before the landing party were in the boats, however, the Helena signaled that armed men could be seen from her tops among the trees to the right of a low sea-wall which was evidently the usual landing-place. This rather altered the look of things. As the enemy were undoubtedly expecting the troops to disembark at that point, it was considered advisable to disappoint them, so the steam launches were ordered to tow the boats back to the end of the peninsula and land under the walls of a fort-like ruin which stood there. At the word of command away we went, first swinging in a circle to clear the vessels, then stringing out in a long line, with flags flying and bayonets glistening, towards the harbor entrance. Suddenly, as we turned sharp in to the coral beach, Boo-o-o-m! went one of the Helena's big guns. A cloud of white dust rose from the ruins in front of us, and with it an excited cheer from our men. A moment

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later the Helena turned loose everything. From her deck the insurgents could be seen running toward the point to oppose our landing, and she was making the road hot for them and the ruin untenable. Amid the chirruping of the Maxims from her fighting-tops, the boo-o-o-m of her six-inch guns, and the thunder of her nine-pounders, we leaped into the shallow water, rushed up the little rise, and scaled the ruins. But already the enemy were in full flight. The Helena's thunderous shower of lead had served to good purpose. A long chase up the grass-grown street ensued, and a running fight among the mangroves, in which one insurgent was killed and two were wounded. Gradually the popping rifles died away; the foot-race which has been run with such regularity in all parts of the Philippines ended, as usual, in favor of the Filipinos, and the "battle" was over.

At the white-walled cemetery the halt was sounded, and, after an outpost had been stationed there, we returned to the gray, dilapidated pueblo to establish quarters for the three companies of the Twenty-ninth Infantry which were to remain and pacify the island. While this was being done, the surrounding country was carefully reconnoitered and the enemy located, about three hundred strong, in the town of Mobo, seven miles to the southward. Two Filipinos who had given themselves up were sent with a letter to the local chief inviting a conference; but before any definite answer had been received, the Indiana, her expeditionary work being finished, was ready to sail, and I left without knowing whether the post encountered further resistance or not. Masbate is practically a virgin island, inhabited by a poor class of Visayans and renegade Tagalogs, whose numbers are variously estimated from ten to thirty thousand. Cattle and timber are its only products.

From Masbate we steamed along the steep, rocky shores of Ticao, a long strip of an isle almost uninhabited; and, turning sharp round the northern end of it, we headed for Sorsogon, the most southerly point of Luzon. Late in the afternoon we entered the great indent in the coast known as the Bay (it would better have been called the Gulf) of Sorsogon, with the naked, red-brown cone of Bulusan rising out of the hills of foliage to our right, and the majestic Mayon lifting its smoking peak eight thousand feet above us to the left. A month or so earlier this volcano had been in a state of eruption, had sent streams of molten lava down its sides, lighted the country with its giant beacon, and then darkened it with smoke and ashes. Steamers passing along the coast came to an anchor, and the natives fled in all directions. As we saw it that evening it was a purple pyramid outlined sharp against a golden sunset. From the new crevice at its apex rose a funnel-shaped pillar of steam, which, after ascending a few hundred feet, was caught by an upper current and carried in a tapering, pink-tinted cloud far into the west. A more perfectly shaped mountain than Mayon cannot be imagined.

Sorsogon Province is the greatest hemp-producing district in the Philippines. The volcanic soil seems to be particularly favorable to the growth of the plant, and although its quality is by no means as fine as much grown elsewhere, its quantity makes it the basis for market prices. The Philippines, indeed, as a whole, are extraordinarily rich in vegetable fibers. In no matter what part, one can find a shoot, a palm, a climber, a bark of a tree, to mend one's broken cart or strengthen one's shaky carriage. There are plants which creep, like the powerful bejuco; others herbaceous, like the piña, with its silky filaments; and there are great luxuriant trees like the balibago, whose shoots carry large quantities of ordinary dark fiber, but of such strength and undoubted utility that they will surely be used industrially some time not far distant. The shrub called anabo resembles, both in its appearance and its fiber, the well-known China grass. It grows so marvelously in this country that wherever it has been planted it has, without cultivation, defeated even the persistent Philippine grass, and in a few years has invaded great tracts of land. The anabo gives fully four crops a year, and its fiber is silk-like in its fineness and softness. In the years to come some enterprising manufacturer will doubtless send to one of the great expositions a tapestry woven from the fibers of five trees that grow in wild luxuriance on the margins of the river—fibers prepared only

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by a simple steeping. Cotton, too, has been a product of the Philippines since the days of the Compañia de Filipinas. During recent years the superior qualities, such as Sea Island, Carolina, Jumel, Peru, and others, have been introduced, and all have given splendid results. When a stable government is assured, and the United States wakes up to the value of these islands, they cannot but become a great center for the manufacture of textile fabrics and paper.

But the queen of the Philippine fibers, indestructible and without a substitute, is *abacá* or hemp, the *Musa textilis* of the botanists. Abacá is of the same family as the plantain and the banana, and to the ordinary observer's eye is indistinguishable from either. In southern Luzon and the Visayas it is planted up from the valleys and plains on the mountain slopes, or on flat, low hills where the soil is fertile and humid. It may be grown from the seed of the fruit, raised in a nursery, but the common method is to use strong young shoots taken from the roots of the matured plants. The ground needs no more preparation than that of clearing away the underbrush and cutting down enough trees to let in light and ventilation. The remaining trees give the amount of shade the young *abacá* requires. Planting is simple and extremely primitive. As open stretches are made, holes are dug in the virgin soil and the young shoots are placed in them, by guesswork, about ten feet apart. Likewise the care of a new plantation is easy. A gradual reducing of tree-roots, and, once or twice a year, a cutting of the weeds and rank grass with a bolo, is all the work that is necessary. At the end of the third year from planting, or six months earlier if the soil be unusually rich, the first crop may be cut from the matured stalks. As these are cut down, others spring up in their place, and the roots spread, so that an old plant may have twenty or thirty stalks in all stages of growth. Thus, when once the plants have attained their full growth, the plantation is a continual producer—an all-the-year-round crop. And so it continues for six or seven years, when it is advisable to replant. After cutting, the stalks are stripped one by one of the leaves of which they are formed, and then comes the work of producing the valuable fiber. Upon a fixed frame or a movable wooden horse a scissor-like mechanism is set up. The lower part of the scissors is a strong, toothed knife, which is kept close against the upper part by means of a weight hanging from what I may call the handle. The upper part is merely a rigid piece of hardwood. The pressure, that is to say, the tightness of these two surfaces, is regulated by a pedal attached to the weight. Between the steel and the wood the long strips of leaf are entered and quickly drawn through. By this means the fleshy parts of the leaf are scraped off, and the fiber remains in the hands of the drawer. As it is pulled, the fiber is thrown over a hook or bar, and, when dried in the sun, is ready for baling and shipping. Such is the most difficult and most characteristic agricultural work in the Philippines.

In going through various hemp plantations I have often asked myself if, under these primitive conditions, with such a want of cultivation, abacá is the best-paying crop in the islands, which is saying a good deal, what will the results be when it is highly cultivated and fertilized? For since Georges Ville, the noted agriculturist, demonstrated the chemical substances which nourish plants, the benefit of suitable fertilizers is not to be doubted. It is possible, moreover, that such a measure might shorten the long term of three years between planting and the first crop. In the work of extracting the fiber, too, there is room for radical improvement. Under the present system the labor is expensive, difficult to obtain, and wasteful. One-half of the fiber which the laborer draws he takes in payment for his work. This fat recompense, which originated with the early Spanish planters of small capital, and which is out of proportion to the work done, has become a custom—a custom, however, which united action should abolish; for such high wages, instead of stimulating the workmen and making them steady laborers, rather encourages them to idleness, since in a few days they can make enough to keep themselves, fight their cocks, and gamble for a month. It must be remembered that the average Filipino neither works for the love of it nor yet for the sake of laying up riches—necessity is his only spur; and this, by nature's kindness, he feels comparatively seldom. Labor is the grand, I

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may say the only, difficulty in the way of the abacá planter. In the operation of drawing, moreover, enormous quantities of the product are lost by careless handling and the coarse knife, which breaks and cuts the fibers. At every knife great piles of this valuable refuse are allowed to lie and rot. But these things will hardly be remedied until human muscles are replaced by steam, and a machine is invented to separate the fiber. Then the fifty per cent. of the product which now goes to the laborer will be saved, and the waste of this primitive system done away with. Even as things are now, however, abacá is probably the most profitable crop known. The last obtainable statistics regarding its production are those of 1897. That year the exports alone, not including the large quantity used in the islands, were as follows:

United States	835,926	piculs [1]
England	807,044	"
Japan, Australia, etc.	161,786	"
Total	1,804,756	"

This, at the average price of the year ($14 Mexican), amounts to the goodly sum of $25,266,584 Mexican.

While at Sorsogon (May 5, 1900) we heard rumors of the disastrous fight on the island of Samar, in which twenty-one of our men lost their lives. The province and indeed the whole of the South Camarines were overrun with guerrillas, and neither life nor property was safe in any part save where American troops were stationed. "The peaceful southerners" seemed to have been infected with the same disease as their brothers, the Tagalogs, and were fighting, if anything, rather harder than their brothers. This southern end of Luzon is a beautiful, mountainous region, cultivated more, perhaps, than any part of the Camarines, and dotted with pretty little towns along the coast; and yet so little has nature been disturbed that one has to search for a patch of cleared land.

From Sorsogon I took boat to Iloilo, a charming trip of about thirty-six hours through the Visayan group. Leaving behind us Mayon, now a sunlit cone, still shrouded at the summit with a nightcap of its own making, we again passed Ticao and Masbate at their northern extremities, and rounded Romblon, with Marinduque on our starboard beam and the highlands of the mysterious Mindoro blue in the west. Later we ran close along the western shore of Tablas, and, toward nightfall, Panay hove in sight. All day I sat, glass in hand, scanning the shores of these "gardens of the sun"—isles, all of them, fair to the eye, fertile beyond comparison, and full of promise. Strange it seemed in these enterprising times to find such timber and such mines of agricultural wealth lying undiscovered—mapped, to be sure, but to all commercial purposes unknown.

Picturesque Guimaras, with its mushroom islets, its caves and coral cliffs, its tiny coves and waves of varied green, was beside us at noon next day, and two hours later we dropped anchor off the old fort at Iloilo. This town, which is one of the five clearance ports of the Philippines, is next in importance to Manila. Though its exports include hemp, tobacco, sibucao, pearl shell, and piña and jusi cloths, its main commerce is sugar. As the collecting and shipping point for the sugar of Negros as well as its own product, Iloilo handles probably eighty per cent. of the archipelago's output. Previous to the wanton firing of the place by the insurrectionists, it was doubtless a finely built town, but at present its aspect is far from imposing. It is built, moreover, upon an unsightly flat, is without a water supply, and, until considerable dredging is done, it can have no harbor worthy of commendation. The retail business of the town is almost wholly in the grasp of the Chinese, though most of the exporting and importing is done by Scotch and English merchants, of whom there are a small colony. Every large house in Manila has a branch at Iloilo. Notwithstanding its size and importance, Iloilo, like every other Philippine town save Manila, is destitute of hotels, restaurants, or any accommodations for the traveler. The proverbial island hospitality, however, more than atoned for this loss. Through the kindness of Mr. Fife, the British Vice-Consul and manager for Smith, Bell & Co., I was entertained in true English fashion; and it must be said that, while I remained in Panay, all my comfort and pleasure were due to Mr. Fife and his associates. The colony had its club, its

[1] A Philippine pico is 137 lbs.

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tennis, its five o'clock tea, and was in many respects quite the most homelike and friendly little company I had found in the islands. A tennis tournament was in progress when I left, and I am still speculating as to the outcome, and hoping, for the sake of the "house," that Sheward was the winner.

During my stay at Iloilo I made several short trips into the neighboring country, visiting Santa Barbara, Molo, Jaro, and other towns. Jaro, especially, has a famous market for native cloth. The silky and expensive piña, the less fine jusi, gauzy hemp fabrics, embroidered pañuelas, bright-colored cotton sarongs, all woven on hand-looms in the houses of the people, were laid out under low nipa booths, while the venders sat cross-legged upon the ground. Two or three thousand people swarmed in and out among the lines of booths, haggling and jewing and asking exorbitant prices after the fashion of the Asiatic, but buying, it seemed, comparatively nothing. Such a crush as it was! Such high words and betel-spitting, and such an overpowering smell of cocoanut oil! In another part, an odorous locality, dried meat and fish were for sale, and Visayan pottery, mats, rope, and baskets. The sound of a loud voice chanting some unintelligible words drew us to the stand of a seller of shrimp-paste, who was dispensing great lumps of the stuff out of a mat container on strips of plantain leaves. Near by were women offering flat baskets full of fried grasshoppers, which I found by no means unpalatable. Tuba, not free from ants and other insects, was placed in the sun in brimming glasses to tempt purchasers; and mangoes, great luscious ovals as large as my two fists, were for sale everywhere for a shade more than half a cent apiece.

One day Mr. Miller and I hired a baroto and had a spinning sail over to Guimaras and back. The Panay baroto, like all native boats, has a dugout canoe for its foundation, though its sides are built up six or eight inches with stiff mat-work, curving outward slightly and plastered with a pitchy substance to make it watertight. Across the boat, at the bow, stern, and waist, three hardwood poles are lashed, extending on both sides from six to ten feet, and carrying at their extremities one or two large bamboos, known as batangas. The latter serve to keep the cranky craft from turning over, and permit the use of an immense spread of sail. In a strong wind the crew perch themselves far out on the weather batangas in numbers sufficient to keep the baroto on an even keel; and this has given rise to the expression "a one-man breeze," signifying a light air, or a two, three, or four man breeze, denoting winds of increasing force. As most Filipinos prefer to sit cross-legged or upon their heels rather than upon chairs, their boats are without seats. Passengers are supposed either to squat on the narrow deck, in no place more than two feet wide, or to stand out on the batangas. The most curious part of the boat, however, is the rudder, which, instead of being square astern, is placed on the side, with the tiller pointing aft. Crude as the baroto is, with its hollow-log body and its mat sails, it is an excellent sea boat, and has marvelous sailing qualities. Guimaras is a delightful little island, almost wholly uncultivated and without a road to its name. It boasts an abundance of good water, a temperature several degrees lower than Iloilo, and several remarkable caves, one of which, though it has been entered for a mile or more, is still of unknown extent.

Panay is an island of more than average wealth, and, comparatively speaking, is fairly well developed in an agricultural way. A few Negritos are said to exist in the mountains of the northwest, but, with this exception and a few hundred Chinese, it is peopled wholly by Visayans, who—although they wear the Malay sarong in place of the saya and tapis, speak a different language, and are generally, perhaps, of a milder character—cannot otherwise be distinguished from the inhabitants of Luzon. This lack of novelty, together with the unsafe condition of the whole country except within a few miles of Iloilo—and rather determined fighting was in progress throughout the western province of Antique—decided me to give up the idea of riding over the island, and hurried me on to Cebu. This long mountain chain of an island occupies the same position in regard to hemp that Iloilo does to sugar. All of the products of the eastern Visayas—Samar, Leyte, Bohol, and other islands—are shipped from its

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capital town of the same name. Cebu, one of the first Spanish settlements in the Philippines, is, historically, an interesting old place. It claims to have the oldest church in the islands, and to be the landing-place of Magellan. The latter claim, however, is unfounded. I believe it is fairly well established that the famous discoverer first landed near Surigao on the island of Mindanao, though there is no doubt that he met his death on Mactan Island, which lies opposite the town of Cebu. At the Church of Santa Niñon the statue of the child saint which, after being sent to Rome, was so "miraculously" changed from a golden statue to one of wood on the return journey, is still to be seen; and at the convento, now the hospital, there is a collection of portraits of former Cebuan bishops and several saints —a villainous crew, if the artist is to be believed. Facing the Pacific as it does, Cebu has a cooler, drier, and healthier climate than the islands further west. It is famous for its mangoes and its seashells, and is reported rich in coal, iron, lead, and gold. The Cebuan bolo, a short, curved, heavy blade with a curious handle and a carved wooden scabbard, is the most characteristic of its manufactures. In most respects, however, in people, customs, manners, architecture, and landscape, I found Cebu similar to Luzon. The island was pacified only to the extent of the principal town and its immediate neighborhood; and, indeed, that not wholly, for one of the barracks inside the town was fired upon by insurgents a few nights previous to my arrival. Hoping for newer and better conditions further south, I again embarked, tossed my remaining coppers to the diving boys and girls who surrounded the vessel, and, passing round the western arm of Mindanao, entered the peaceful Sulu Sea.

Mati, Mindinao, P. I.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

XIV.—The Hebrew Lyrics

By Lyman Abbott

THE Hebrew Book of Psalms contains all the extant lyric poetry of the ancient Hebrews. The word lyric is derived from the word lyre; in its original significance a lyric poem is one intended to be sung with accompaniment on the lyre. Substantially all the Hebrew poetry intended to serve thus as a vehicle for song is included in the Book of Psalms.

The most notable characteristic of the Psalms is that they are all—with possibly two or three exceptions—religious. This will at first, perhaps, seem to the casual reader a truism, since this collection of Psalms is in the Bible; but it is in fact very significant that all the lyrics of the Hebrew people which have been preserved are of one spirit. Imagine that all the extant lyrics of an ancient people were amatory, or all were martial, should we not draw some conclusions respecting the people from this fact? In saying that all the lyrics of the ancient Hebrews are religious, I mean that they all are expressions of some phase of the divine life. Is there sorrow? it is because of separation from God; joy? it is because of the presence of God; confession? it is of sin against God; praise? it is praise of God. No songs of lovers to their mistresses, or of praise to victors in war or athletic contests; no dirges over the bodies of the dead; no marriage songs; no glorification of nature; all is sacred, all divine. And if we may believe that these collections are simply relics selected from a much greater mass of Hebrew lyrical poetry which has now perished, then we must either suppose that substantially all the lyrics of the Hebrew people were religious in their character, or else that only those which were religious found such a place in popular esteem that they were preserved from oblivion. The former is probably the case. The Hebrew people were permeated by the spirit of religion. Their laws, their customs, their festivals, their dramas, their fiction, their folk-lore, their

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proverbs, their popular songs—all were pervaded by their faith in Jehovah as the God, the King, the Father, of their nation. This is the first and most notable fact which confronts us at every turn in our study of Hebrew literature.

Poetry is difficult, perhaps impossible, to define. It may be said, however, to have two characteristics—one an artificial beauty in form, the other a vital beauty in spirit. The most exquisite figures of imagination, the greatest intensity of emotion, unaccompanied by the peculiar beauty of form which belongs to poetry, may constitute poetical prose, but not poetry; it is prose, though it may be poetical prose; the most perfect beauty of form, if it clothes unpoetical ideas, is not poetry. In English literature the form consists of one of two elements—rhyme and rhythm. Hebrew poetry contained neither. The formal characteristic of Hebrew poetry consisted in certain artificial arrangements of the lines, either in parallelism, or in antitheses, or in the repetition of a refrain at the end of each verse or paragraph, or in a dramatic interplay of characters, as between the soul, the prophet, and Jehovah. These forms are illustrated by Psalm xxiv., as sung by a procession of priests and people on some great festal day. The reader must imagine Jerusalem full of pilgrims gathered from all parts of Palestine; a great procession formed in the city; priests leading the way; a band of music composed of lyres, viols, reeds, cymbals, castanets, drums, trumpets, accompanying it. The procession reaches the Temple gates, which are closed; and the following musical colloquy takes place:

Chorus in procession:
The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Priest; a solo:
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
Another priest, responding:
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
Chorus, in procession:
This is the generation of them that seek after him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.
(Selah.)
Chorus, at Temple gate:
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Response from within:
Who is the King of glory?
Chorus, without:
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.

Then the gates are thrown open, and the procession enters while the priestly doorkeeper repeats the question:

Who is this King of glory?

and the procession chants the reply:

The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

The spirit of poetry is much more difficult to define than the form. Without attempting anything so ambitious, I will venture to assume that the spirit of true poetry includes at least two elements: truth and beauty. There are two worlds, an outer and an inner: a world of sense and a world supersensuous; a world which we enter through the eye and the ear, and a world which we enter through the emotion and the imagination. To see clearly this inner, this invisible, this real and eternal world, and so to translate it into outward form that men with less power of vision can see it also, this is the function of the artist, the musician, and the poet. Their end is the same, their instruments are different. No man is a true poet unless he first of all sees what other men of less poetic genius have failed to see, and then through literary forms interprets this vision to others. What we have to ask ourselves about the Hebrew lyric poets is, What did they see, or think they saw, respecting the essential nature of God and his relation to nature and to men? We are not to ask, What is their theology? Strictly speaking, the poet has no theology. He is an observer, not a philosopher—but an observer of the invisible world; he tells us what he has seen, and leaves us to co-relate the visions with one another, with the visions of other poets, and with the facts of the outer world, and out of all this material to construct a philosophy. The poet precedes the philosopher, as the observer precedes the scientist. Our question is not, What was the theology of

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the Hebrew poets? (though out of their poems we can construct a *quasi* theology;) but, How did they see God? how did he seem to them in his essential character and in his relations to nature and to men?

For this much is evident concerning these Hebrew lyrics, that they are expressions of experience. They are not works of art—that is, they were not written for artistic effect; they are not dramatic—that is, they are not the imagined experiences of others. They have sprung out of the heart of the poets—that is, out of the heart of the nation—and are expressions of the experiences of their authors. In them, therefore, are varied experiences: love and hate, joy and sorrow, faith and doubt, hope and despair; experiences in victory and in defeat, in temptation, in repentance, and in restoration; at home and in exile; surrounded by friends and environed by enemies. They include, therefore, songs of praise and songs of penitence; songs national and songs individual; songs ecclesiastical and songs for the household; songs of ebullient joy and songs that are one long plaint of sorrow; songs of triumphant victory and songs of spiritual struggle. It is hardly too much to say that every phase of religious experience which has ever found voice in sacred poetry is to be found expressed in some form in this collection of Hebrew lyrics. They are not all expressions of saintly faith and hope and love; sometimes the weakness of the soul is fully recognized and frankly confessed:

Will the Lord cast off forever?
And will he be favorable no more?
Is his mercy clean gone forever?
Doth his promise fail forevermore?
Hath God forgotten to be gracious?
Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?
And I said, This is my infirmity;
But I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.
I will make mention of the deeds of the Lord;
For I will remember thy wonders of old.[1]

Sometimes impassioned emotions, natural but not saintly, find expression in them. This is the case in the so-called imprecatory Psalms, which have been in all times a source of great ethical perplexity to Bible students. Imagine the people of Israel prisoners in Babylon; their holy city destroyed; the sacred Temple razed to the ground; many of their fellows put to the sword; their children killed, their women ravished, before their eyes. Their captors deride their religion, taunting them with the question, Where is now thy God? and derisively calling on them to sing their Temple songs to Him who has abandoned them to desolation; and this is the answer of one of their poets:

By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.
Upon the willows in the midst thereof
We hanged up our harps.
For there they that led us captive required of us songs,
And they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying,
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
. . . . . .
O daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed;
Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee
As thou hast served us.
Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones
Against the rock.[1]

How, it is asked, can such a Psalm be reconciled with Christ's command, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you"? It cannot be reconciled with that command. It is not a divinely inspired example to be imitated; it is a very human experience to be shunned. It indicates the meaning of Christ's command, and illustrates his example by setting in contrast with it the natural feeling of a truly devout soul under persecution. And yet in one respect the Psalm is inspiring and worthy of imitation. Devout people need to be inspired with hatred of cant—the spirit which incites us to say to God, not what we think, but what we think he thinks we ought to think. To be sincere, simple, genuine, transparent with God, to dare to show him our worst as well as our best, to dare to ask him to search us and see if there be any evil way in us, to treat him as we treat the physician, pointing out to him everything in us that he may teach us what is evil and what is good, and how to abhor the evil and to cleave to the good, to treat him as our best and most intimate friend from whom we wish to conceal nothing—this is one of the lessons which the unreserved candor of these ancient lyrics teaches, and which the Church still has need to learn.

[1] Psalm lxxvii., 7-11.

[1] Psalm cxxxvii., 1-4, 8, 9.

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We are not, then, to regard the Book of Psalms as a collection of artistic lyrics; nor as dramatic interpretations of experiences imagined by the writer to be acceptable to God; nor as embodying a system of divine truth, or even the contents of such a system; nor as inspired revelations of experiences which, being divinely created, are to be blindly imitated. We are to regard it as the actual expression of the experiences of a devout people, to be studied that we may escape their doubts, their despair, their hate, their tumultuous trouble, and may secure their faith, their hope, their love, their peace; the better guides for us in our times of doubt and fear, because written by those who had like experiences and out of them were conducted, as Israel out of the Red Sea, by their God. The experience of these writers is not always congruous; but there are certain fundamental elements common to their experiences; and from them we may deduce, not indeed a coherent system of theology, but a united testimony respecting certain aspects of the divine life.

Conceiving, then, this book as an anthology of sacred lyrics respecting the deeper religious experiences of this Hebrew people during eight centuries of their national life, we ask ourselves what are the distinguishing characteristics of the experiences which it interprets.

The most fundamental fact is that God is throughout these lyrics felt as a universal Presence. Long before the doctrine of divine immanence was thought out in theology, long before Herbert Spencer had formulated the result of philosophy in the phrase, "Amid all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," these ancient poets had realized this fact as an experience. It is sometimes said that the Hebrew conception of the deity was anthropomorphic. If by this is meant that the ancient Hebrews conceived of God as having experiences interpreted to us by human experiences—joy and sorrow, hope and regret, love and wrath—it is true; if by it is meant that they conceived of God as embodied, it certainly is not true of these Hebrew singers. They neither localized him on a throne in the distance, nor in a temple upon the earth. I know not where in literature, ancient or modern, can be found a sublimer expression of the faith in God as a Spirit who transcends all space-relations than in the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm:

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me,
And the light about me shall be night;
Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shineth as the day;
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Yet the reader will observe that this is not a theory of divine immanence; it is not, like Herbert Spencer's formula, a deduction from an examination of the mysteries by which we are surrounded. The Presence is felt, realized, experienced; the Psalm is a testimony; wheresoever the writer goes, he finds his God. No other Psalm states this as clearly, as definitely, as the one hundred and thirty-ninth, but this experience of God as a universal presence underlies, pervades, characterizes, all these lyrics. They are illuminated by this God-consciousness.

It is this realization of a divine presence which gives peculiar sublimity to the Nature Psalms. These are not praises of nature; they are not glowing nor picturesque nor awe-inspiring portrayals of natural phenomena. They have no resemblance to Lord Byron's description of the thunder-storm in the Alps. They do not personify these phenomena and represent them as in themselves living entities. There is in them no hint of local deities or sprites or fairies or dragons, malicious, mischievous, or beneficent. Nature is alive, but the life is that of Jahveh, and what inspires the poet is not the phenomenon, but the God who is behind the phenomenon. In the thunder-storm Jahveh bows the heavens and comes down; the darkness is his hiding-place; the clouds are his pavilion; the lightnings are his arrows.[1] He is no less in the milder phases of nature's life. "He sends forth the springs

[1] Psalm xviii.

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into the valleys;" "he causeth grass to grow for cattle, and herbs for the service of man;" he makes the darkness, and it is night, when all the beasts of the forest do creep forth; the young lions seek their meat from him; all living things wait on him; what they gather he gives; when he hides his face, they are troubled.[1] Everything, therefore, in nature gives praise to Jahveh. All phenomena constitute a great orchestra ranged together and in harmony; at the command of the leader they glorify him. "The heavens rejoice; the earth is glad; the sea roars; the fields are joyful; the trees of the wood rejoice."[2] The whole world is one vast cathedral, and all things in it a great chorus choir; "and in his temple every thing saith, Glory."[3] The poet recognizes no difference in this respect between different phenomena. The terrible things in nature also declare Jahveh's praise. There is reverence for Jahveh, awe in his presence, but no dread of him. That he is king and reigneth; that he is to be feared above all gods; that he is a righteous judge and is coming to judge the people with his truth, are causes, not for fear, but for rejoicing.[4] Plutarch, in an eloquent passage, has described the impression produced on the pagan mind by belief in the universal presence of the deity: "He fears not the sea who never goes to sea; nor a battle who follows not the camp; nor robbers that stirs not abroad; nor malicious informers that is a poor man; nor earthquakes that dwells in Gaul; nor thunderbolts that dwells in Ethiopia; but he that dreads the divine powers dreads everything: the land, the sea, the air, the sky, the dark, the light, a sound, a silence, a dream."[5] Of this dread of the universal presence of God there is no hint in these lyrics. That presence inspires to joy, a joy that often breaks out in exultant hallelujahs, in spirit not unlike our huzzahs. In this joy, not in what Jahveh has done or given, but in Jahveh himself, in his mere presence, everything is called on to unite. Like a healthy boy whose spirits must find vent, the poet calls for noise, "a joyful noise," unto Jahveh. All instruments are called into play to express this rejoicing: the harp, the timbrel, the psaltery, the trumpet, the cornet, the pipe, the stringed instruments, the loud-sounding cymbals.[1] Nor is this enough. Like the lover, he calls on nature to join in his rejoicing, the high and the low, the awful and the beautiful, the old and the young:

Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps;
Fire and hail, snow and vapor;
Stormy wind, fulfilling his word:
Mountains and all hills;
Fruitful trees and all cedars:
Beasts and all cattle;
Creeping things and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth and all peoples;
Princes and all judges of the earth:
Both young men and maidens;
Old men and children:
Let them praise the name of the Lord;
For his name alone is exalted:
His glory is above the earth and heaven.[2]

This presence of Jahveh is seen not alone in nature; it is the secret of the nation's greatness. These lyrics contain no praises to the nation's great men; no odes to Moses or Joshua or David or Solomon;[3] none to the great prophets or leaders of Israel: these are all forgotten in the absorbing brilliance of Jahveh's glory. It is not Moses who delivered Israel from Egypt, it is Jahveh; Jahveh who "brought them forth with silver and gold;" Jahveh who rebuked the Red Sea, and "led his people through the depths as through a pasture-land;" Jahveh who "spread a cloud for a covering, and a fire to give light in the night." It was not Joshua who conquered Canaan; it was Jahveh who "smote many nations and slew mighty kings," and gave their land for a heritage to Israel his servant.[4] Let the reader compare with these Hebrew national hymns our own "America." In ours the voice is one of praise to the land where our fathers died, land of the noble free, land of the woods and templed hills, land vocal with freedmen's song, and only in the last verse is there any recognition of God as the "author of liberty;" in these Hebrew lyrics every stanza, every verse, is a vehicle of the one theme, praise to Jahveh who made the fruitful land and gave it to his people, whom he delivered, counseled, guided, ruled, for-

[1] Psalm civ.
[2] Psalm xcvi.
[3] Psalm xxix.
[4] Psalms cxv., cxvi.
[5] Plutarch's Morals, I., 169.

[1] Psalms lxxxi., 1, 2; xcv., 1, 2; xcviii., 4, 6; c., 1; cxlix., 3; cl., 3, 5.
[2] Psalm cxlviii., 7–13.
[3] Unless Psalm lxxii. is an exception.
[4] Psalms cv., cvi., cxxxv., cxxxvi.

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gave, redeemed, with a mercy which endureth forever.

But, in the experience of these Hebrew lyrical poets, Jahveh is not only the God of nature and the God of the nation; he is not only present in nature and in national history; he is a personal friend, and present in the individual life. He is the poet's companion: a shepherd who causes him to lie down in green pastures, leads him beside still waters, restores him when wandering, leads him in right paths, is his fellow-traveler in the valley of the shadow of death, and spreads for him a table while his enemies look on amazed and unable to disturb his meal. Jahveh knew the poet before he was born; was at his birth, and brought him forth into the light of life; taught him the right way in which to walk; in the time of danger protected him as the mother bird protects her young from the hawk; is a very present help to him in trouble; is ever at his right hand so that he has no fear; in times of great anxiety puts him to sleep as a nurse a wearied, worried child; is his rock and his fortress, delivering him from his enemies; and when he transgresses, accepts his confession and forgives his sin.[1] It is impossible to conceive these poets as considering it a question whether there is a God. To his thinking it is only a fool who saith, There is no God.[2] To the poet Jahveh is personally known; he is *my* king, *my* refuge, *my* God; an ownership of love and loyalty like the ownership of the citizen in his king, the child in his father, the wife in her husband, is established, recognized, maintained. God is in the poet's experience. To be separated from his God is the sorest evil in his captivity; to hear his God insulted with the cry, Where is now thy God? is of all taunts the hardest to bear; to realize that he has sinned against his God brings on him a remorse which for the time obliterates all sense of sin against himself and against his neighbor: "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned," he cries.

Jahveh is with him in all the commonplace experiences of life; makes his feet nimble to run through the troop of his enemies, to leap the wall and escape when they pursue him; makes his footing sure as he climbs the dangerous cliffs; makes his arm strong to bend the bow of brass.[1] Sorrow only drives him to God as his refuge; through doubts and despair he struggles on toward hope in Jahveh, his God; the gentleness of Jahveh makes him great; the loving-kindness of Jahveh fills his cup to overflowing; the mercy of Jahveh forgives his sins and restores his soul. For not even the poet's sins can separate him from his God; his God is a healer, a redeemer, a physician of souls. This is the final, the transcendent fact in the experience of the Hebrew singer.

Bless the Lord, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies:
Who satisfieth thine age with good;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.[2]

It would be strange if one man had wrought all this out in his own experience; but it is not less strange, looking back across the intervening centuries into a barbaric age and upon a barbaric nation, to find in eight centuries and a half of song all the ripened fruit of Christian experience suggested, except only the assurance of immortality. A God who is a universal presence; a God who is in all nature and with the nations of the earth; a God who cares for the children of men; a God who cares for the beasts of the forest; a God who is gentle, patient, pitying, rendering an unbought mercy out of his own free love, forgiving iniquities because they are gre t and man cannot deliver himself from them; a God who saves men even from their own self-willed destruction, and who crowns them with a kindness that is full of love and a mercy that is full of nursing; a God who gives promise of One who shall come in time, to make clearer revelations of his judgment, of his deliverance, of his power, and of his grace—something such as this seems to me to be the religious teaching of eight centuries and a half of the unparalleled lyric song contained in the Hebrew psalter.

[1] Psalms cxxxix., 15, 16; xxii., 9; xxv., 8; xxvii., 11; lvii., 1; xlvi., 1; xvi., 18; iii., 5; xxxi., 3; li., 32.
[2] Psalm xiv., 1.

[1] Psalm xviii., 28–35.
[2] Psalm ciii., 1–5.

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A Griselda of the Cabins

By Annie Steger Winston

THE dusky congregation of Persimmon Ridge Church groaned and swayed, ejaculated and assented, in decorous answer to the eloquence of the lank and impassioned preacher.

"An' yet, my bred'ren," he chanted, "d'is some so blin', d'is some so foolish, d'is some so h'isted in dee own conceit—"

Unc' Adam rocked in his seat in the Amen corner, and groaned response.

"Um-huh! um-huh! Dat so! Dat my ol' 'oman to de ve'y life!"

"D'is some so boun' in de chains o' wickedness; d'is some so satisfi' wid a fyar outside—"

"U-u-ur yas! So she are!" fervently from Unc' Adam.

"D'is some so wrop up in sin an' selfishness; d'is some so guv up to de debble an' all his wuks—"

"Ya-a-as, my brudder! Mahaly Ann!"

The preacher stretched his long arm pointedly toward Unc' Adam.

"D'is some so soak' in spite an' meanness; d'is some so chock full o' gall an' bitterness—"

"Amen!" "Amen!" came in full-voiced chorus, and the heads of the mobile congregation turned as one toward the left-side pew. But through it all not a ribbon quivered upon the neat bonnet of Mahaly Ann, sitting in sober dignity in the middle aisle.

"Hit sho is scan'lous de way Unc' Adam 'have hisse'f," had been for years a commonplace of Persimmon Ridge society, and "What mek he do so?" a perennial speculation. Certainly it seemed a strange perversity that prompted his "meanness" to Mahaly Ann—a woman so patently in every way the superior of her spouse that it was hard to imagine why she had ever entered into the unequal partnership; though there was a dim tradition that in his youth Unc' Adam had been "likely" to look upon. Now whatever comeliness belonged to the pair appertained solely to Mahaly Ann—erect still for all her threescore and odd years, light brown in color, and of a matronly massiveness of figure; while Unc' Adam had shrunk and shriveled with age until his black little puckered face suggested a frost-ripened persimmon; albeit his speech and manner, it must be confessed, partook rather of the nature of this indigenous fruit in its crass earlier stage. And yet there was a vague memory in the minds of some of the hoary elders of an early mildness and inoffensiveness on the part of Adam that had almost atoned for his insignificance; of a sort of amiability in his most evident weaknesses even, which were simply harmless vanity and excessive desire to propitiate and please. "But Adam nuvver were good 'nough for Mahaly Ann," they did not fail to add; "an' des see how he do 'er!"

The unaccountable acrimony into which he had gradually fallen seemed, indeed, to concentrate itself upon his wife, and upon the pride of her heart, "Jawn," her son and his, now for years settled and married in far California; from whence came regular supplies, and, every now and then, a dutiful letter. The "meanness" of Unc' Adam toward his long-suffering spouse was never more glaring than on those red-letter days on which news came to her from "Jawn." While Clarindy James's "little gal," who had been to school, painfully spelled out the precious epistle to the hungry ear of Mahaly Ann, Unc' Adam would tramp around the cabin, under pretense of "lookin' for sump'n'," jerk open drawers, rattle pans, and interject sarcasm.

"U-u-u-ur yas!" he would say. "U-u-u-ur ya-a-as! You happy now, I reckon! Nutt'n' like Jawn! Ob cose! Dat what I say. Ain' nobody fitt'n' to hol' can'le to Jawn—ev'ybody know dat. What de use o' bodderin' wid no-count critters like dem in dese parts? You ain' got no time to study 'bout trash—you ain'. Don' mek no diffunce 'bout nutt'n' dee says. Aw naw. Don' mek no diffunce 'bout nutt'n' but Jawn! I 'spec' he done set de las' one of de ribbers in Californy on fire by now!"

But perhaps, after all, the common opinion of Persimmon Ridge that "he des 'buse Jawn to spite Sis' Cunnigum" was not far wrong. For outside of Mahaly

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Ann's presence the subject drew forth no remarks of especial tartness. He even acquiesced gruntingly in the praises evoked by his son's success in life and dutiful conduct, and from time to time announced the advent of his successive grandchildren with something like grandparental pride.

Indeed, in all matters unconnected with Mahaly Ann he could still upon occasion show distinct good nature; sometimes—towards children especially—even exceptional forbearance and kindness. The most important avocation remaining to Unc' Adam in his old age was the cultivation and care of a little garden; the devastation of which on three separate and several occasions by the hens of lame little Wash'n'ton Jefferson over in the next cabin he yet took with the most exemplary patience. Unc' Adam was also a skillful brewer of persimmon beer. And on this delectable beverage the heart of Unc' Adam was most fondly set. Yet once, after all the labor of gathering the fruit, making into cakes, baking over the fire, breaking up into the carefully prepared barrel, piling on of fresh persimmons, apple-parings, and honey-shucks, and pouring in of water; after the seemingly interminable period of waiting for it to "wuk" was almost over, and Unc' Adam's mouth was already watering for the first "'simmon beer" of the season—Clarindy James's "little gal," in a wild game of "hi-spy" with her young companions, had fallen against the barrel as it stood under the sloping eaves of the cabin and knocked it over, to the bursting of its venerable staves and the pouring out of its stored-up sweetness. "An' Unc' Adam," the child reported with almost adoring gratitude, "Unc' Adam he des say, 'Shet up dat hollerin' an' go 'long, chile. You ain' meant to done it.'"

Facts like these rendered still more inexplicable his unwearying persecution of his high-minded and irreproachable wife. Towards Mahaly Ann there was a really amazing energy of bitterness in the dim and decrepit old man, and an ingenuity in finding out ways of expressing it which wrung a sort of admiration even from those who most condemned his atrocious domestic conduct.

"Ain' he de out-breakin'es' man? But he sho is got de gif' o' de gab!" one would say to another, not without gusto, after a neighborly visit to Mahaly Ann; upon which occasions he not unfrequently sat by and maintained a running commentary of startling frankness upon the personal appearance, mental endowments, and general characteristics of his wife, with all of which the erstwhile visitor never failed to regale Persimmon Ridge. And it was the part of some recipient of the recital to ask, "An' what Sis' Cunnigum say to dat?" to lead up to the never-varying climax—

"Sis' Cunnigum? Sis' Cunnigum nuvver open' 'er mouf'."

Unc' Adam shook his woolly white head and muttered to himself, on one side of the neatly swept red brick hearth; while upon the other sat the decent partner of his joys and sorrows, placidly knitting a gray yarn sock by the light of the fire; though one would not have thought the soliloquy which Unc' Adam took no pains to render inaudible would have been conducive to tranquillity in the breast of his spouse.

"I gwine 'way fum yere 'fo' long, I sholy is. I done ben sayin' it long 'nough; now I gwine up an' do it. I done stan' dat 'oman des 'bout long's I gwi' stan' 'er, I is. Dat what I gwi' do. Yas, I is. I des 'bleege' to git shet o' dat ar 'oman. I des 'bleege' to git shet o' 'er—d'ain' no use talkin'. One dese mornin's I gwi' up an' lef' 'er, an' she ain' gwi' see *me* no mo'. I gwi' light out, sho!"

He feebly rubbed his head with his small shriveled hands, and groaned heavily.

"Dat 'oman! Ugh! I dunno to save my life huccome I uvver come 'cross de fool notium o' ma'in' 'oman like dat—I sut'ny don't. I reckon I out o' my min' when I done dat—spang out o' my min'. I des 'bleege' to been. 'Case she allis was ugly as sin, an' she nuvver did had a bit o' sense."

He nodded sleepily forward, and weakly recovered himself.

"Tek keer o' de fire, Adam!" warned his wife.

"'Tek keer o' de fire'? 'Tek keer o' de fire'?" he echoed, angrily. "Ain't I got sense 'nough to keep out o' de fire? U-u-ur yas! 'Tek keer o' de fire'! Hummany times is I bu'n up, I like to know? I des ax you dat. Hummany times is I bu'n up?"

She measured the foot of the sock

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which she was knitting by its finished fellow, and obviously engaged in some mental calculation regarding it.

"I dunno, Adam," she answered, absently, seeing that he waited a reply.

He glared at her with his dim yellow eyes, and brought his clenched hand down upon the calico-covered arm of his comfortable padded chair.

"Dere 'tis!" he said. "Dere 'tis! Dat what I say! des well talk to de side o' de house. Des 'ear 'er: 'I dunno, Adam!' 'I dunno, Adam!' An' she dunno what 'tis she dunno. I tell you what 'tis she dunno—she dunno nutt'n'. Dat what 'tis she dunno. She mighty right, she dunno! Ain' got no mo' sense 'n a bee-martin, she ain'. Ain' got a grain o' sense. Dat what de mahter wid 'er, des like I say. Dat what mek 'er think ain' nobody else got no sense. 'Tis des 'cause she ain' got none 'erse'f. Dat de way you allis fin' it. She ain' got sense 'nough to know she ain' got none. An' dat whar de trouble come in."

He nodded again, and hastily drew back.

"Go 'long to bed, Adam," his wife advised.

He straightened himself up.

"U-u-ur yas! Po' ol' man! too ol' to set up wid young folks like you, is I? But I gwine when I wanter, an' I ain' gwine befo'! You hear dat, does you?"

"Dey sutn'y oughter tu'n Unc' Adam outer de chu'ch," Clarindy James announced, returning one evening from a friendly dropping in on Mahaly Ann. "Seem like he got a debble dese days, it sholy do. D' wa' nutt'n' 'pon top de yearth he didn' name Sis' Cunnigum des now. He des sot dar 'bukin' 'er an' he sot dar 'busin' 'er de whole blessed time. I ain' nuvver 'ear 'im so scan'lous befo'. 'An' what she say?' She ain' 'spon' one word, Sis' Cunnigum ain'. She ain' 'spon' one word!"

Unc' Adam fidgeted in his chair, watching Mahaly Ann, as she began silently to prepare supper, after her visitor had gone.

"Say sump'n', 'oman," he suddenly commanded her.

She started at his voice. After all, even Mahaly Ann's nerves were not made of steel. To-night her face looked very lined and old, and there was a curious tenseness of lip and nostril.

"Say sump'n'!" he thundered, weakly. "I done stan' dis thing long 'nough, an' I ain' gwi' stan' it no longer. You gotter say sump'n' when I talks to you, you hear dat? I ain' gwi' hab you treatin' me dis-away—lettin' me set up an' call you out o' yo' name ev'y which-a-way—an' you des as calm as ef 'twas fly buzzin' on de wall. I done call you dis, an' I done call you dat; I done 'buse you to de neighbors, and I done hel' you up in meetin'. An' it ain' done no manner o' good. What you gotter say, hey? What you gotter say? You ain' got nutt'n'? Dar den! See what you kin say to *dat!*"

It was a puny blow, but the buttermilk pitcher slipped from Mahaly Ann's grasp and crashed upon the floor. She dropped upon a stool, covered her face with her apron, and rocked to and fro in a sudden tempest of deep-drawn sobs.

"Adam," she said, "huccome you 'spise me so?"

"Huc—huccome I 'spise you so?" he stammered. His teeth were chattering as from an ague, and he shook from head to foot. "Huc—huccome I 'spise you so? Huccome *you* 'spise *me* so hit don' mek no diffunce what I says nor what I does? Dat what I wa' know? Dat what I been axin' myse'f for thutty year, an' I ain' foun' out yet. I done been layin' myse'f out to see ef d' wa' no word o' mine could tetch you; I done wo' myse'f out, an' I done 'zaust de lanwige—an' d' ain' none. You done cook my vittles an' you done mek my clo'es, an' you done 'low dat 'nough to do for no-'count critter like me; d' wa' no call in de worl' to 'spec' me. An' you ain' 'spec' me no mo'n de blowin' o' de win'. You cyar' say I ain' guv you good chance. I done riz up, an' I done riz up, an' I done riz up. I done 'front you dis way, an' I done 'front you dat way; an' *you* dunkeer. Dar you been, des as cool as a cucumber, hol'in' you'se'f way off yander, an' d' wa' no mortal way o' tetchin' you. An' hit des come to dis: I 'low to myse'f, 'Ef I cyar' mek you feel my tongue, I is gwi' mek you feel my fis', des once befo' I dies.' An' I done done it."

He stood watching her swaying abandonment to unwonted tears with a strange exaltation of countenance, over which began gradually to steal a shadow of awe. The pool of buttermilk slowly widened

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upon the floor, the rasher fried acridly against the bottom of the pan, the blackening pone smoked upon the hearth; and Mahaly Ann, a veiled image of despair, showed in her convulsive weeping no sign of surcease. A childlike wonder dawned and deepened upon his face.

"Mahaly Ann," he said, "what you crying 'bout?" For a moment she fought for her voice.

"I done stood, an' I done stood, an' I done stood," she wailed, "till I des cyar' stan' no mo'. I done been min'in' it all de time I ain' thought I min' it! An' den, 'pon top o' all, for you to up an' hit me!"

The bacon burnt into extinction, the bread turned to a cinder, the buttermilk slowly soaked into the floor, and still the veiled form of Mahaly Ann swung to and fro, Unc' Adam looking on with a face in which compunction struggled with an unaccustomed peace. He feebly cleared his throat at last and shifted in his seat. He scratched his head and gazed at her thoughtfully. He rubbed his face and neck. And then he lifted himself rheumatically from his chair and limped toward her. He drew the apron from before her face with a quaint touch of masterful gentleness.

"Don' cry no mo'," he said, "ef you cryin' 'bout dat ar lick I gin you. 'Tis cur'us thing 'bout dat ar lick. Seem to me now dat moughter been des a kin o' love-lick, honey!"

Clark's "Distribution of Wealth"[1]

PROFESSOR CLARK'S new volume on "The Distribution of Wealth" deserves more attention from general readers than they are accustomed to bestow upon works on abstract economics. It is, indeed, a book written by an economist for economists, but its style is clear, and its basic thought illuminates a subject which the thinking public continually discusses.

The germinal thought out of which Professor Clark's philosophy of the distribution of wealth has grown is the contention of Henry George that wages are regulated by the amount of wealth that labor can produce on rentless land. Professor Clark recognizes that this is true in agricultural districts near the margin of cultivation, since no laborer there will work for less than he can produce on land to be had rent free; but he also recognizes that this factor in the regulation of wages has a very remote bearing upon wages in city factories. Recognizing its inadequacy, and recognizing, also, the similarity between the rent paid for the use of land and the rent paid for the use of capital, Professor Clark proceeds to show that in other industries besides agriculture there is work which a laborer may do without paying rent for the use of capital; and that what the laborer can produce at such work governs the wages paid in these industries as much as the product of labor on rentless land governs wages in agriculture.

In support of his generalization, Professor Clark cites many examples of the employment of capital without the payment of rent for its use. "There are," he points out, "mills and furnaces so antiquated, so nearly worn out, or so badly located, that their owners get nothing from them; and yet they run so long as superintendents can earn their salaries and ordinary workers their natural wages. There are machines that have outlived their usefulness to their owners, but still do their work, and give the entire product that they help to create to the men who operate them. There are railroads and steamship lines that pay operating expenses only. There are stocks of merchandise so full of remnants and unstylish goods that it barely pays salesmen to handle them. Everywhere, in infinite variety and extent, are no-rent instruments; and if labor uses them, it gets the entire product of the operation." Furthermore, even beyond these distinctively no-rent instruments, there are in nearly all dividend-paying or rent-paying plants certain branches of work at which more men or fewer men may be engaged without perceptibly affecting the income of the owners of the plant. Here, too, therefore, is what Professor Clark calls "a zone of indifference in the field of em-

[1] *The Distribution of Wealth.* A Theory of Wages, Interest, and Profits. By John Bates Clark, Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

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ployment," within which the entire product of labor goes to those who perform it. What laborers can produce in these zones governs the wages of other laborers in these fields as much as the product of agricultural labor on rentless lands governs the wages paid in agriculture.

Thus far the thought of the volume is clear and strong, and it has a moral value, inasmuch as it enforces the truth that the supreme factor in determining wages is not chance, or the standard of living, nor yet bargaining, but the amount which labor produces. Whatever exceptions there may be for individuals or even groups, the level of wages is mainly determined by the value of the work. It is the result of this law, we may observe, that wages in Germany and the United States, differing though they do in amount, absorb in each country approximately the same share of the product of industry. Everywhere it is the productiveness of labor, and not chance or legislation or bargaining, that determines whether wages are high or low.

This is the central thought in Professor Clark's philosophy. It is essentially true, and shows the general rationality of the industrial system under which society has thus far advanced. When, however, Professor Clark develops his thought and makes the product of the least productive laborers (those using no-rent instruments) absolutely determine the wages of all laborers, and not merely the minimum below which the others cannot be reduced; and, still further, when he makes the product of the least productive capital absolutely limit the earnings of all other capital, he makes generalizations from which more of falsehood than of truth is likely to be deduced. The truth of his central thought that the value of the service performed by labor is the supreme factor in determining its reward, and the truth of his subsidiary thought that the value of the service performed by capital is the supreme factor in determining its reward, ought not to obscure from view the fact that there is a considerable field for bargaining in determining how the more productively employed labor and the more productively employed capital shall divide their product. In other words, the bargain theory of wages is not without its important truth. Even the standard of living theory points out a minor factor in determining the minimum of wages. But the paramount law governing the whole subject of the division of the product of industry is the one which Professor Clark has laid down. The wages of labor and the earnings of capital under completely free competition are in the main determined by the service which each renders to society. The industrial world is not topsy-turvydom.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. By Jerome Walker, M.D. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 7½×5½ in. 490 pages. $1.20.

This is a new edition of a book which is already in use in many high schools. It has been extensively revised, and many new illustrations and notes have been added. There has been so much discussion lately about the physiological effect of alcohol that one turns with special interest to this subject. The treatment on this point seems to us sensible, moderate, and scientifically correct. The dangers of alcohol are plainly stated, including the dangers of moderate drinking; while the latest conclusions of science in regard to the physiological effects of alcohol are impartially set forth.

Book of Legends Told Over Again. By Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. (Riverside Literature Series.) 7×4½ in. 82 pages. 25c.

Child of Light, A; or, Hereditary and Pre-Natal Culture, Considered in the Light of the New Psychology. By Newton M. Riddell. Child of Light Publishing Co., Chicago. 9×6½ in. 351 pages. $2.

This book is written in the conviction that "it is during the pre-natal period of a life that education, home influences, and the grace of God do their most effectual work in the formation of character." It points in the direction in which Dr. Bushnell, half a century ago, looked forward to a time when the work of divine regeneration would operate through

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the root and stock from which the life of the individual springs. The author's conclusions are drawn from a wide range of facts coming under his own observation both of well-born and ill-born children, and his counsels for a judicious "tokology" square with Dr. Holmes's saying that "the training of a child should begin two hundred years before its birth." While the general effect of the book is thus wholesome, and its practical lessons mostly valuable, one finds in its occasional dogmatic and rhetorical strain departures from the truly scientific line. Some large exceptions must be taken to it in this point of view. Its "new psychology" is a composite affair, and its reckoning of "planetary influences" among the many forces that mold character and destiny raises doubts of the value of the author's judgment in less questionable points. Nevertheless, the book is a strong contribution to a department of ethics thus far generally neglected—the duty of the married to the unborn.

China's Open Door. By Rounsevelle Wildman. Introduction by Charles Denby. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. Illustrated. 8×5½ in. 318 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Wildman was United States Consul-General at Hongkong when the war with Spain broke out. He has spent much time in China, and has acquired an intimate knowledge of Chinese affairs and particularly of the commercial aspects of China. One would take up the book with more disposition to admire if it had not been prefaced by an excessively laudatory introduction from the pen of Mr. Charles Denby, ex-Minister to China. In this Mr. Denby declares the book "a fit and needed successor to Dr. Williams's 'Middle Kingdom,'" calls it "a splendid production," and with many other such expressions overpraises the book, which is good enough not to need such an introductory beating of drums and sounding of trumpets. Certainly as regards picturesque and vivacious description it may truly be said that the book is a thoroughly readable one, and that it touches many points of fundamental importance to those who wish to understand Chinese character, the apparent contradictions of Chinese diplomacy, and the Chinese attitude toward foreigners. The book is suitably illustrated from photographs, and the publishers have given it an attractive form typographically.

Elements of Algebra. By James M. Taylor, A.M., LL.D. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 7×5½ in. 461 pages. $1.12.

A text-book for the pupil who is just finishing the ordinary course in arithmetic and is ready to take up algebra. The author, however, carries the subject from the rudiments of algebra up to the higher developments, such as indeterminate equations and the binomial theory, treating the more abstruse subjects plainly, but only in outline.

Industrial Betterment. By W. H. Tolman, Ph.D. (Monographs on American Social Economics, XVI.) The League for Social Service, New York. 10×7 in. 82 pages.

This essay, presenting compactly what different American employers are doing to better the conditions in which their employees work and live, was contributed to the United States Social Economy Exhibit at the Paris Exposition, by the League of Social Service of New York. It should compel European sociologists to recognize that American employers are nearer to their employees in social sympathy than those of any other country. The chief value of the essay, however, is its suggestiveness to other employers who wish to help those who work for them in such ways as will increase their pride in their work and the spirit with which they perform it. The wide circulation of this well-written and attractively illustrated essay will be a most valuable social service of the kind which the New York League was organized to perform.

Odd Tales. By Walter B. Crane. M. Witmark & Sons, New York. 8×6½ in. 106 pages.

Slight and decidedly trivial short stories, in which the attempt to be facetious and sprightly does not give results worth the while.

Pair of Knaves and a Few Trumps, A. By M. Douglas Flattery. The Abbey Press, New York. 8×5½ in. 310 pages. $1.

Pioneer School, The: A History of Shurtleff College. By Austen Kennedy de Blois, Ph.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8×5½ in. 360 pages.

Whatever fortune awaits the small denominational college, it has thus far fulfilled an indispensable function. Shurtleff College in Illinois, named for its first great benefactor, an eminent physician of Boston, is a type of many such. Its sixty-five years' record is a commemoration of the noble self-sacrifice by which, in spite of early hardship, long privations, frequent local and sectarian jealousies, and a perennial deficit, it has been sustained as "a center for Christian activities, a local rallying-point for educational forces and ideals, and a resort for students of slender means and limited opportunities." It has been pre-eminently a Christian college, graduating five times as many preachers and teachers as lawyers and legislators, among them such men as Professor Steenstra, of Cambridge, and Dr. Moxom, of Springfield. Though now more prosperous than ever, its funds amount to barely $130,000; and its students to ninety. President De Blois's narrative is photographic in its delineation alike of what is noble and what is ignoble, the heroic and the ridiculous. As a sketch of a typical institution it is a desirable contribution to educational literature.

Pre-Historic Implements. By Warren K. Moorehead, assisted by G. H. Perkins and Others. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. Illustrated. 10×7 in. 431 pages. $3.

This richly illustrated catalogue is not for professional experts, but for students and beginners in American archæology, to inform and stimulate to collection and study. The relics it describes are classified according to the geographical sections where they occur—a dozen in all. Frequent comments, explanatory and suggestive, accompany the figures, and, together with the directions given for work and for the avoidance of imposture by relic-makers, adapt the volume well to its laudable purpose.

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South America: Social, Industrial, and Political. By Frank G. Carpenter. Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. Illustrated. 10½×7½ in. 626 pages.

The author traveled in almost every part of South America, and he tells in an interesting way what he saw and heard. Occasionally he has been led into serious error, as where he speaks of Buenos Ayres as "the largest Catholic city in the world," or where he declares that "the inhabitants of the Argentines are of almost pure European extraction;" but these errors are generally due either to defective scholarship or to the fact that in trying to cover so wide a field he has been compelled to rely upon what others have told him, and been unable to see things for himself. Where he has seen things for himself his impressions are trustworthy, and are vividly conveyed to the reader both by what he writes and by the photographs with which his volume is profusely illustrated.

World Crisis in China: 1900. By Allen S. Will. John Murphy Co., Baltimore. 7½×5 in. 198 pages. $1.

This is, we think, the first attempt in book form to tell the story of the beginning of the war with the Boxers and the ensuing complications. It has its value as a book of reference, although it is perfectly obvious that the time has not come for anything like an adequate and comprehensive treatment of this subject in book form. The author is a capable newspaper man, and writes tersely and intelligently. A large map is furnished.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any books named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

How do the followers of the new school of theology account for such occurrences in New Testament history as the miracles and resurrection of Christ? If we regard Old Testament history as epic and not factual; if we consider the remarkable incidents in the Old Testament, such as the plagues inflicted upon the Egyptians, as mythical, are we not also compelled to doubt the incarnation, resurrection, and divine authority of Christ? L. J. F. D.

It is on the doctrinal statements of the sixteenth and seventeenth century creeds that the new theology divides from the old. No hard and fast line divides them on the interpretation of the miraculous events in the Bible, though their tendencies diverge toward an elastic and a rigorous construction. Events are recorded as rarely occurring in Egypt similar to the so-called "plagues," so that these cannot be termed merely "mythical." But were they so, yet the miraculous element in the Gospels is sustained by much more abundant and cogent testimony than the Old Testament miracles. Miracle is the natural product of a life exceptionally gifted. Nowadays, when preternatural powers appear in some rare case, we call the result a "prodigy." Jesus evidently possessed an intense life of the highest power. The mighty works which were preternatural to other men—his miracles of healing, for instance—were natural to him. There are plain indications in the Gospels that the miraculous narratives of him are not wholly free from legendary accretions. On the other hand, high critical scholarship affirms in general, with Keim, that his wonder-working powers are historical, and "no invention." But no one begins to study the subject aright who does not see at the outset that the authority of Christ for the conscience is wholly independent of the question whether he did this or that miracle—much more, of the Old Testament miracles, such as Elijah's destroying a hundred of his countrymen with fire from heaven. The monumental testimony to his resurrection has been many times repeated in this column.

I have read with much interest the Romanist and Evangelical Protestant interpretations of Matthew xvi., 18, 19, given in the last number of The Outlook. Will you kindly add the interpretation given by the Liberal Protestant Church, *e. g.*, that of the Unitarians? Is the genuineness of these two verses as well assured as that of the Sermon on the Mount? It appears to a layman that Peter's faith was very different from that which is the foundation of the Church to-day; that there is not sufficient unanimity in declaring the mind of Christ among Evangelicals to justify their interpretation; that human authority to reprove sin cannot extend farther than an appeal to the conscience; and that "assurance of forgiveness to the repentant" is only the conclusion that follows from a major premise (God's character) and a minor premise (the genuineness and completeness of the repentance). So that "divine authority" to advance to this conclusion appears to imply infallibility in establishing the minor premise. B. F. S.

We see no cause to doubt the genuineness of the text, or to regard "authority" in moral matters, *i. e.*, the judgment of right reason in moral sympathy with Christ, as less divine for being also human. So far as based on discernment of God's character, why is not moral assurance to be deemed divine? The lack of omniscience certainly does not deliver one over to moral skepticism, impotent to obtain peace of conscience.

May I suggest, in answering inquiries for sources of information concerning the Ritschlian theology, that it seems to me that Garvie's book on the Ritschlian theology, published by T. & T. Clark, is a far fairer setting forth of that view than Orr's book, which is practically certain to give a reader a decidedly erroneous impression; and that Herrmann's "Communion of the Christian with God," published by Williams & Norgate, London, gives a broader representation of the entire Ritschlian view than Kaftan's "The Truth of the Christian Religion," which deals rather with the apologetic side. I venture to make this suggestion because, largely on account of Orr's presentation, there seems to me to be much misconception as to the real position of the Ritschlians. H. C. K.

Please inform me why the word "blood" should be omitted in Acts xvii., 26, Revised Version, and what it means as it reads. *

The preponderating authority of ancient manuscripts that were not available by the translators of earlier versions required its omission. Paul regarded all mankind as descended from Adam. In saying that all men had been made "of one" he must have thought of Adam as that one.

Kindly inform me what is the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the higher criticism. A. E. S.

That it is unfriendly appears in the case of Professor Mivart, whom Cardinal Vaughan excluded from the sacraments last winter for his refusal to subscribe to traditional views, including the divine inspiration of the Old Testament Apocrypha.

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Can you suggest a good inexpensive edition of the Greek Testament, preferably one bound with a lexicon? B.

Westcott and Hort's, new edition, with new lexicon, in strong leather binding, can be had of the Macmillan Company, New York, for $1.90.

Kindly give me a list of the best books on the modern or literary study of the Bible. D. C.

Moulton's "Literary Study of the Bible" (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston) and "The Modern Reader's Bible" (The Macmillan Company, New York).

What books would you recommend to be read as a preparation for a course of sermons on "The Social Teachings of Jesus" in their relation to modern problems? A. R. H.

We consider the best book on the subject to be Professor S. Matthews's "Social Teaching of Jesus" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.50).

Can any one tell me in what volume of M. Ernest Renan I can find his essay on the poetry of the Celtic races? F. J. H.

Referred to our readers.

"M. A. H." asks if it is true that our armies in China and the Philippines are still without chaplains. We have referred the question to the Secretary of War, who informs us that there are now eighteen chaplains serving with the troops in the Philippine Islands, and one with the troops in China. The law authorizes the appointment of only thirty-four chaplains to the entire army, the effort of the War Department to have Congress provide chaplains for the volunteer regiments having failed. This would seem to be one of the subjects to which Congrses should give immediate attention at its next session.

The following lines are copied from an old tombstone in a country graveyard in central Pennsylvania. Can any one tell me who is the author, or where they may be found?

"Calm was his breast; with conscious virtue warm
He heard unmoved the fury of the storm;
Taught by the glowing precepts from on high,
Learned how to live, and, having lived, to die."

M.

In your Notes and Queries of August 25 you say, in reply to Inquirer, "Your statement that the 'Song of Songs' as well as the Book of Esther does not contain the name of God appears to be correct." It is true that the ordinary Hebrew word for God, *Elohim*, does not occur, but *Jah*, the shortened form of Jahweh, is found in viii., 6, where jealousy is compared to the "flame of Jah" (*shalhebeth Jah*, read either as one or two words), *i. e.*, the lightning. F. L. G.

There is a book called "With the Philosophers," translated from Fénélon. Will some one kindly give the original French title? M. H. K.

Can you tell me who is the author of the poem beginning—

"We wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home"?

M. S. R.

Correspondence

"The Danger of Imperialism"—In Dissent

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The argument from history in your article of August 11 on "The Danger of Imperialism" seems to me so untrue, and the spirit and purpose of the article so pregnant with harm to the political sentiment of our people at the present time, that I ask the privilege, as one constant reader of The Outlook, of registering my protest, speaking as I know I do for very many. I have no right to ask space in your crowded columns for such a survey of history as I think demonstrates that the cause of the decay and overthrow of republics has not been that which you assign, but almost without exception the gradual and fatal growth of oligarchies, of political corruption incident to the growing power of privileged classes, and of the injustice and wrongs thereby inflicted upon the common people, which have brought their inevitable results. I shall take occasion to discuss this question in detail elsewhere. I only ask the privilege here of requesting the students of history among your readers to send their glance back and ask what the condition of society and of legislation was which produced the Gracchi, and to ask themselves what it was, a century later, that Crassus and Pompey stood for, and the army that went down before Cæsar at Pharsalia. Some of your readers may find it easier to read romance than to read sober history. If so, let them simply read the remarkable novel, "A Friend of Cæsar," written by young William Stearns Davis, a Harvard sophomore—a book which upon its political and social sides so well reflects the truth of history—and ask themselves whether the downfall of the Roman republic had the cause which you assign. I shall elsewhere discuss the relation of the Napoleonic Empire to the Red Terror, which was itself not a cause but an effect, and which was thoroughly suppressed by republican power years before Napoleon became Emperor; the true relation of the restoration of the Stuarts to the Commonwealth; the truth concerning the *coup d'état* of Napoleon the Little—and some other things. I here simply ask your readers to ask themselves seriously whether it has indeed been the disorders and excesses of the common people that have caused empires.

Permit me also to express my sense of the injustice which you do the working people of America in the catalogue of

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charges which you bring against them in explaining the provocation which they are giving for the "man on horseback." I should like to discuss half a dozen of your illustrations; I will refer simply to Homestead. Is it just and right to refer to Homestead in a manner that implies that the lawlessness and wrong there were all upon the part of the workingmen, and unprovoked, and that the Homestead corporation, under Mr. Frick, was not guilty of equal or greater lawlessness, by organizing as it did a private army to make war upon the strikers? "Manager Frick admitted," you said, discussing the matter at the time (Christian Union, July 23, 1892), "that he arranged for the importation of the Pinkertons before the civil authorities had proved themselves unable to maintain order." In 1892 you were able to do even justice, and, blaming the workingmen as they deserved for their excesses, to say also: "The Carnegie works have disregarded the public welfare, if not the public's rights. If they have not been the aggressors, they have provoked the aggression. They planted an armed stockade in the midst of a perfectly peaceful community, and brought into the community armed mercenaries from abroad. Who fired the first gun is a matter of dispute—the Pinkerton men say the mob fired it; the newspaper reports say the Pinkerton men fired it. It is doubtful whether even a judicial investigation will determine the question. But history will hold primarily responsible for the tragedy which followed, the challenge and threat involved in bringing a paid and private soldiery upon the scene. The laws of many of the States forbid this employment of private troops. The State of Pennsylvania will be accessory after the fact if she does not by her next Legislature forbid it."

I should like to ask further, in this connection, whether the following passage in one of your editorials in 1892, inspired by the facts at Homestead, is any less true in 1900: "The Christian Union believes in democracy—that is, self-government; it disbelieves in aristocracy—that is, government by the best. We believe that the blunders of self-government are worth more to the world than the wisdom of aristocratic government. . . . Democracy, having already gained control of Church and State, is struggling for the control of industry also. It struggles blindly, as Demos always struggles. It strikes out wildly, injuring others and itself in its ill-directed efforts at control, as it always has done. It acquires wisdom by its own blunders. It is miscounseled, misguided, misruled even in its half-conscious efforts to acquire rule. But its real demand is not merely for more wages or less hours, but for a real share in the rulership of the world's industry, as it already shares in the rulership of schools, churches, States. The effort to maintain the labor union is an effort to acquire power. The effort to break up the labor union is an effort to dispossess of power. It is for this reason that the workingmen are more determined to maintain their labor union than their rate of wages. The fight for 'recognition' is not the unmeaning fight it sometimes appears to be. It is Demos struggling to get his hand on the industrial scepter. And this great movement is no more to be measured by the lawless acts of violence which accompany it, and which really retard it, than the uprising of democracy could have been measured by the futile Wat Tyler's rebellion, or the Protestant Reformation by the excesses of the Anabaptists in Germany, the Iconoclasts in Holland, or the anti-popery rioters in London."

It is true, as you say, that there is much lawlessness in this country to-day; but it is not true that the most conspicuous and dangerous lawlessness is among the workingmen and the common people. Mr. Bryan is not the chief representative of individualism in this country; in fact, he stands for a very high measure of State control—although I wish that he was far more of a socialist than he is. To tell the truth—here is where most people make a mistake—he is not a new-fashioned man at all, but a very old-fashioned man, a statesman of precisely the stripe of Thomas Jefferson.

We cannot help remembering that one hundred years ago this present year of grace Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States, after a campaign of vilification and abuse compared with which the aspersions on Mr. Bryan are slight indeed. We all know of the horror of the old New England Federalists and the rest—exceedingly reputable

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and proper people—at the thought of the election of Jefferson, whose Presidency they were sure meant the fall of the Republic and the crack of doom; and no arguments which they hurled against him helped so much to elect him as those which depicted him as the prince of anarchy, and the great American democracy as all ready to resolve itself into a mob.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

What Is the Point at Issue?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read the editorial in the last Outlook on "The Paramount Political Issue," in which you give the position of those who oppose the Philippine policy of the Administration, and I now understand the situation. I can now see clearly why the "antis," so called, are regarded as fogies or pessimists or traitors, for in the *five* attitudes described not one touches the real position of the anti-imperialists. We are not conservatives; we do not doubt the ability of this country to meet every responsibility nobly; we do not doubt the world-power of a republic; we thoroughly indorse all that has been done for Cuba, and many of us grew hoarse pleading for Cuba; and, finally, we believe that *temporarily* America could do better for the Philippines than they could do for themselves, though in the end development, progress, power, civilization, mean self-government.

With us it is not a question of policy or prejudice. It is a question of right or wrong; and we hold that we have no right in the Philippines, outside of Manila; and to usurp the right is to deny other people what we demand—"the consent of the governed"—and to belie the principles and institutions of our own land. Forcible annexation can find no haven in a republic; either that or the Declaration of Independence must go. Let the people choose.

MRS. H. W. THOMAS.

[I. The Outlook does not believe that governments rest upon the consent of the governed. This parenthetic clause in the Declaration of Independence is often inconsistent with its fundamental principle that governments are for the benefit of the governed. The governed at Santiago consented to the filthy streets which killed hundreds of men, women, and children before their time, but this was not government for their benefit. Majorities do not make right. The majority consented to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ; that did not make the crucifixion righteous. The majority, including both blacks and whites, in many Southern States opposed the maintenance of United States authority; that did not make such maintenance wrong.

II. Mr. Mead illustrates and affirms the proposition which he thinks he is assailing. A strong government in Pennsylvania would have protected persons and property; it did not; it left mill-owners and mill-workers to arm for their own protection: hence the private war. We want a government equally strong to prevent lawless aggressions of corporations and lawless violence of mobs; equally able and equally ready to prohibit and prevent the one from hiring a private army and the other from organizing itself into the semblance of one. All that Mr. Mead quotes from The Christian Union in 1892 The Outlook reaffirms in 1900.

III. Our readers have before them two interpretations of the lessons of history, ours and that of our correspondents. We leave them to weigh for themselves these two interpretations and decide between them.—THE EDITORS.]

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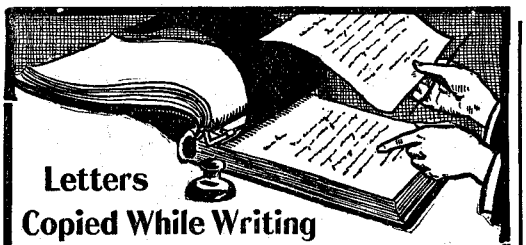

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